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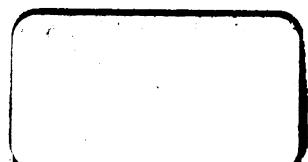
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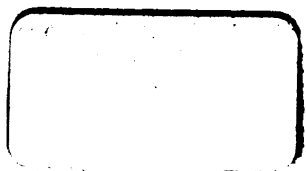
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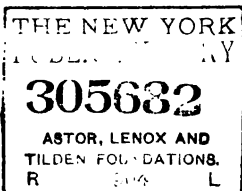
**THE BROKEN SWORD
OF ULSTER**

THE BROKEN SWORD OF ULSTER

**A BRIEF RELATION OF THE EVENTS OF
ONE OF THE MOST STIRRING AND
MOMENTOUS ERAS IN THE
ANNALS OF IRELAND**

**BY
RICHARD CUNINGHAME**

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THE BROKEN SWORD OF ULSTER

CHAPTER I

WITH the accession of James the First to the throne of England the Celtic age in Ireland passed away ; ancient institutions came abruptly to an end, and modern times began. The Irish themselves had prepared the way for this rapid transformation. In the closing years of Elizabeth's reign the Celtic chiefs of Ulster, encouraged by the efforts of the Pope and Spain' to advance the cause of Roman Catholicism by the subjugation of England, undertook to free their land from her dominion, but only rendered more complete the subjugation of the Irish race. The English statesmen of that stirring age knew full well the magnitude of the struggle in which they were engaged in Ireland. It was no mere local conflict with a few petty chiefs. Imperial interests were involved in it. Ireland, released from the control of England, would be at least under the influence of Spain, and a foreign power would have a vantage-ground whence they might strike at the heart of England, and her

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statesmen and her Queen determined that this should never be. Hence, they asserted with unfaltering hand England's authority in the sister isle. Here we find a reason for the confiscation of so large a part of Ulster in the following reign, and for the plantation in that province of colonists of British birth, one in interest with the people of their mother-land.

Ireland in the Middle Ages was divided among a number of septs or clans, ruled by chieftains chosen from among the members of the ruling house of the tribe, and Anglo-Irish Barons, whose ancestors had planted the flag of England on Irish soil. The authority of England was almost unfelt beyond the counties of Dublin, Meath, Louth, and Kildare, known as the Pale, or the "Englishe Lande." So restricted at one time had this authority become that it was condemned and inoperative outside a district reaching from about the northern border of what is now the county of Wicklow to Dundalk, and about thirty miles inland. Outside the Pale the Anglo-Irish Barons differed little in character and habits from the Celtic Chiefs. They had become degenerate "English." They had adopted the dress, the manners, and the customs of the native tribes. They looked with contempt on their Celtic neighbours, regarding them as a savage race, but spoke their language and fell into their ways.¹

¹ Calendar of Carew MSS. 1603-1624.

At the close of the sixteenth century Ulster was the stronghold of the Irish Celts. Here and there, indeed, bands of Englishmen had settled, and the Macdonnells of the West of Scotland had gained a footing on the coast of Antrim; but Ulster was mainly Irish still. The power of the chieftains was unbroken. A social system, which was old a thousand years before, was still in force. The clansman knew no other lord than the chieftain of his tribe, and fierce as the tempests that thundered among his mountains, he did the bidding of his lord, and followed the customs of his sires. The axe and brand were more familiar to the Galloglass and Kern than the sickle and the plough. Ulster was still the battle-field of tribes, quick to gather for the conflict at the chieftain's call. Hence, when O'Donnel and O'Neill raised the standard of revolt, as I am about to tell—

“ Instant through copse and heath arose,
Bonnetts and spears and bended bows,
And every tuft of broom gave life
To (Celtic) warrior armed for strife.”

While this was the condition of the people, it was impossible that prosperity could bless the land. Modern times were dawning, with cheering hopes and boundless anticipations, but Ireland had not ears to hear the glad acclaim of awakening nations. She was unable even to avail herself of the natural gifts that lay within her borders, ready to her hand.

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In mediæval Ireland there was no lack of natural resources. There was ample opportunity for toil to win a rich reward. Providence, with generous hand, had prepared within her silvery shores a place where a peaceful people might have crowned with golden trophies the labours of the year, and had decked her with a tender beauty peculiarly her own. Her fertile vales were ready to respond with smiling harvests to the wooing of the husbandman, and did respond in ample measure when the sword was abandoned for the plough.¹ Twice within the year the sheep, that roamed in thousands on her hills, yielded their fleeces to the shears. Countless herds of cattle browsed upon her mountains, and far and wide in valleys clothed with the emerald hue, that still is Ireland's pride. There were, indeed, bleak and barren mountains, there was forest and morass; but enough of fertile soil remained for the need and enterprise of man. Ulster, for instance, in the reign of Elizabeth had woods and fens and wastes enough, but was "in all parts green and pleasant to behold, and exceedingly stored with cattle."² In their cattle was their wealth. When Christmas came the grain had been nearly all consumed, but throughout the year chief and peasant depended for their maintenance on the

¹ "Description of Ireland," by Fynes Moryson.—Moryson was secretary to the Lord Deputy Mountjoy, in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

² Moryson's "Description of Ireland."

produce of the pastures. While the soil of Ireland was so generous, the tides that rolled around her shores teemed with the finny wanderers of the seas. They came in tempting shoals, but the Irish boatman chose to loiter in his smoky wigwam rather than disturb his ease. He saw Englishmen and Scots gleaning riches in his waters, but, yielding to his love of ease, refused to emulate their industry.

But industry and progress, the things that make for the ordinary weal of men, were scarcely possible in Ireland in the sixteenth century. The rivalries and feuds of clans kept the country always in unrest. At morning, hall and hamlet might awake in anticipation of a peaceful day; before the sun had set, nothing might remain but smouldering embers to make known that human dwelling had been there. Flocks which with the dawn went lowing from their owner's fold, might be far away at close of day, trophies of the marauder's spear. There was no security of possession to the husbandman in the land he tilled. By the custom of Gavelkind,¹ the Irish clansman had no fixed possession,

¹ In mediæval Ireland certain members of the tribe or clan, as the chief, the nobles, and others had private property, but, says Mr. Joyce in his "Concise History of Ireland," p. 21: "The rest of the arable land, which was called the tribe-land, forming by far the largest part of the territory, belonged to the people in general, no part being private property. This was occupied by the free members of the tribe or sept" (for there was slavery in Ireland then) "who were owners for the time being, each of his own farm. . . . Those who occupied the tribe-land did not hold for any fixed term, for the land of the sept was liable to Gavelkind, or redistribution from time to time—once every

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no spot of earth where he could feel himself at home in a permanent habitation. When death, for instance—frequently untimely—removed the Tanist, the successor to the chieftaincy, elected in the lifetime of the existing chief, the tribe-lands were redivided among the clansmen. A similar redivision took place on the death of an ordinary member of the tribe.¹ Then, all was uncertain. Liable to be changed from place to place, shuffled as a pack of cards, the poor Irish kern had little stimulus to industry. If a custom had been sought which would most completely paralyse his energy, nothing more effective could have been devised than gavel-kind. According to Sir John Davys, it was the cause of “such desolations and barbarism in this land as the like was never seen in any country that profeseth the name of Christ.” But when Sir John informs us that “no particular person” in Ireland, even in the day in which he wrote, erected houses of stone or brick, except those who held their lands “according to the course of the law of England,” we may question the accuracy of his statement. There are remains of castles in Ulster which date from an age long antecedent to the reign of English law in that province. We may two or three years. Yet they were not tenants at will, for they could not be disturbed till the time for redistribution; even then each man kept his crops and got compensation for unexhausted improvements; and though he gave up one farm he always got another.”

¹ “Historical Tracts,” by Sir John Davys, Irish Attorney-General, reign of James I.

question, too, the accuracy of Diego Ortez, an envoy sent to Ireland by Philip the Second of Spain, who wrote to his master: "Every petty gentleman lives in a stone tower, where he gathers into his service all the rascals of the neighbourhood, and of these towers there is an infinite number."¹ It is probable that each of these authorities wrote on imperfect information, or on a limited experience indulged in sweeping general statements. Turning to another source of information, we find that in the reign of Henry the Eighth so hostile was O'Neill to the erection of houses of stone that he pronounced a stern anathema on any of his race who should learn the English language or build a more substantial house than one of sods and wattles. He deemed the life of the creaght, wandering with his cattle on the wilds, and sheltering himself and his family in a hovel or a wood, as more suitable to a race of soldiers than the more emasculating experiences of a settled life.²

It may fairly be assumed that many of the Celtic tribes kept to the customs of their fathers in the construction of their habitations. Repelling English influence as an imposition by an alien race dominant by the sword, they refused to imitate the Norman baron in the erection of towers of stone, preferring

¹ "History of England," by Mr. Froude.

² Paper by Mr. Prendergast, in the *Proceedings and Transactions of the Kilkenny and South-East of Ireland Archæological Society*.

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their own ruder dwellings, with walls of sods or wattles, and roofs of straw or sedge.¹

Nor were the internal arrangements of an Irish home of the more primitive sort, and the customs of its inhabitants, incongruous with its rude design. A taste for luxurious living can scarcely be charged against the mediæval Irish as one of their besetting sins. Bread was seldom seen upon their board, using the term metaphorically, for the ruder Irish usually substituted for a table a bunch of hay or straw.² Broth made of beef and mixed with milk, or milk warmed with a stone heated in the fire, could scarcely be regarded as epicurean diet. Spanish wine and usquebaugh might be bought, and beer was not unknown, and while these were not the ordinary beverages used by the Irish Celts, when they sold their cattle in a market they often drank enough of them to curtail rather seriously the resources of the household; often remained away from home till the whole price of the cow was in the pocket of the wine-dealer. But as a rule the stern restraint of necessity was on the side of temperate living, and stringently enough to satisfy the conscience of the most scrupulous modern philanthropist. Meat was largely used. But many shrewd economists preferred to live on curds and other food, rather than kill their cattle, which they valued for their milk, and would fight to defend

¹ Ware.

² Fynes Moryson.

them from the hand of the spoiler as desperately as they would have fought to preserve their own life or liberty.

In their domestic arrangements there was a natural simplicity pleasing to contemplate in a luxurious age. By placing the fire in the middle of the floor, all-round accommodation was provided, demanded by the customs of the time. To squat around the hearth on the earthen floor, broiling, perhaps, their dinner on pointed sticks, was a free-and-easy mode, beyond which there was nothing to be desired. When night had come, they calmly lay down to sleep around the hearth, their feet turned towards it, and their garments soaked in water, that the steam produced might keep them warm when the fire had smouldered low. It was a triumph of philosophy. It puts us to the blush as we try to forget the woes of impaired digestion on feathers or spring mattress. Even the Anglo-Irish lords followed the Celtic custom when coshering or billeting themselves and their followers on their tenants and retainers.¹

It must not, however, be assumed that these remarks are of universal application. It is probable that this may be accepted as a fair enough description of the manner of life of the great mass of the community—of the herdsman wandering on the pastures with his flocks, and of the farmer, pre-

¹ Fynes Moryson.

vented by pernicious customs from building a permanent habitation. Of the latter, Edmund Spenser observes, that their "rude and savage condition" was mainly due to the state of their habitations, which were "rather swine-sties than houses." But Wright remarks, in his "History of Ireland," vol. i. p. 487: "Although the mode of life of the lower orders remained nearly the same (as in earlier times), the frequent intercourse with England, the gradual influence of English laws (unknown in Ulster till the reign of James the First), and fosterings with the degenerate English, the Geraldines, Butlers, Burkes, &c., had produced a considerable change in other classes since the period of the English invasion. The Irish chiefs had long begun to love finery in their apparel, and they no longer rode without saddles, like the Irish kings in the time of the Normans. The equipments of the Irish warriors were imitated from those of their English enemies; and the better families had adopted English manners and furniture in their households, although their fashions were in general English of a century or two old." But we may assume that the remarks of the historian are applicable to the South rather than to Ulster. As the northern province was the more resolute in her refusal to submit to English rule, so, doubtless, she continued the most devoted to the customs of former ages.

If we give wing to fancy—facts not fiction giving

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interest to our picture—a strange scene presents itself in the halls of an Ulster chief. It is a time of “rising out”; the chief is bent on a raid into Connaught, and the clansmen are gathering swiftly for the fray. The galloglass, proud of his position as the heavily armed warrior of the tribe, carries his head aloft, conscious of his fame, his broad chest sheathed in a coat of mail of leather, or a network of iron rings, chain-mail, covering him to below the knee. He is armed with a sword and a ponderous axe, the famous weapon of his order.

Not less notable is the kern: fierce as a very wolf, a formidable foe in the day of battle. His iron sinews are regardless of fatigue; swift as a deer, it is no uncommon feat of his to leap upon the back of a horse at speed. His attire is somewhat strange. Derricke describes it thus in his “Image of Ireland,”¹ in verse, which, if not quite Homeric, doubtless describes as accurately as the Iliad the customs of its times—

“ Their shirts be very straunge,
Not reaching past the thie ;
With pleates on pleates thei pleated are
As thick as pleates may lye.

Whose sleeves hang trailing down
Almost unto the shoe,
And with a mantle commonly
The Irish kern doth go.”

¹ Published in 1581.

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We must not forget to mention a remarkable arrangement of the hair, which, if not exactly ornamental, was unquestionably of service to a person of the kern's line of life. I refer to the famous "glib," which Edmund Spenser describes as "a thick, curled bush of hair, hanging down over their eyes, and monstiously disguising them. . . . For whensoever he hath run himself into that peril of the law that he will not be known, he either cutteth of (off) his glib quite, by which he becometh nothing like himself, or pulleth it so low down over his eyes that it is very hard to discern his thievish countenance." About the mantle he observes: "When it raineth it is his penthouse; when it bloweth it is his tent; when it freeseth it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose; in winter he can wrap it close; all times he can use it; never heavy, never cumbersome, . . . it is light to bear, light to throw away, and being (as they commonly are) naked," save for the covering of this famous "weed, it is to him all in all."¹

Lounging among the throng, in happy recollection that with easy work his rations are secure, for he may quarter himself at will on the members of the clan, we notice the idleman, the parasite in old Irish life. Like his cousin in the Scottish Highlands, he deems himself, of course, a gentleman. It runs in the Celtic blood. In ancient Ireland

¹ Spenser's "View of the State of Ireland."

every owner of an acre spoke of it as his "country." Not a few deemed it base to work.¹

With free-and-easy air our gentleman of leisure threads his way through the throng, breaking into a broad grin of recognition when he meets a sharp-looking person with a keen speculative eye. It is hail fellow well met!—the gentleman who lives at free quarters, and the gentleman of the dice and cards, a strolling knave who wanders from place to place, looking out for simpletons to fleece. They fall in with their friend, the jester. It is true he is a "notable rogue," but the sharper and the idler are not particular in that respect, and laugh at his jests as merrily as if he were as irreproachable as St. Patrick. He is laden with the news of the country far and near. He will tickle their ears with gossip, and add to its zest by invention. He will probably wing a sly shaft of raillery at the chief himself, while he glides among the press, with dominion on his crest, and proudly conscious that he represents a race that traces back its glories till they fade amid the darkness of prehistoric times.

We must not forget the minstrel—a very important personage in ancient Irish life. They are on the eve of war—it is a "rising out"—and the minstrels of the tribe tell with harp and voice of glorious deeds of old, and rouse the sons to emulate

¹ Fynes Moryson.

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the prowess of the sires. Nor is the voice of the friar silent on the eve of great exploits.

"To spoil, to kill, to burn,
This friar's counsel is ;
And for the doing of the same
He warrants heavenly bliss."¹

That the teaching of the bards² was scarcely conducive to peaceful habits appears plainly enough from the following statement by Spenser : " As of a most notorious thief and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his lifetime in spoils and robberies, one of the bards in his praise will say—That he was none of the idle milksops that was brought up by the fireside, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises, that he did never eat his meat before he had won it with his sword, that he lay not all night slugging in a cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives, and did light his candle at the flames of their houses to lead him in the darkness ; that the day was his night and the night his day . . . and finally, that he died not bewailed of many, but made many wail when he died, and dearly bought his death."

The effect of such teaching on an impulsive race

¹ Derrick's " Image of Ireland."

² The bard was simply a composer of poems. His compositions were recited by the rhapsodists. "The bard proper was a silent man." "Red Hugh O'Donnel," by Mr. Standish O'Grady.

may be easily imagined. It was enough to drive the Celtic clansman into ungovernable outbursts of ferocity and crime. Delighting in the excitement of battle, ireful and vainglorious,¹ he gave a willing ear to a voice so congenial to his hereditary instincts.

It was a rising out in the country of The O'Donnel—to take an instance from veritable history.

Hugh Roe O'Donnel had a dispute to settle with the Earls of Clanrickard and Thomond, whom he blamed for inducing Queen Elizabeth's Government to send English soldiers into his principality of Tyrconnel. The Senachies had doubtless told him of the brave days of old. Harpers had fired his impetuous spirit with strains that sent the warm Celtic blood faster through his veins. And the sting of wrongs experienced in the very morning of his life—cruel wrongs, as we shall see—had kept alive in his fiery nature implacable hostility to the Government of the Queen.

One day tidings reached the people of Clanrickard that the O'Donnel was on their borders. There was many an anxious look ; there was conference with bated breath that day in Clanrickard. But a strange idea came to their relief. They took comfort in the thought that, the next day being Sunday, O'Donnel would abstain from hostilities. So they were at ease ; ate and drank, and, probably, were

¹ John Dymoke, writing in 1599.

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merry, in keeping with the instincts of their light-hearted race.

But Hugh Roe O'Donnel had not been taken into their confidence in forming this conception of his probable proceedings. He had come to do exploits, and while the good folks of Connaught calmly resigned themselves to repose on that quiet Sunday morning, the Northern Chieftain was upon them. At the head of his clansmen he swept across the country, leaving desolation in his track, and on the minds of the natives an impression of his Sabbatarian principles not likely to pass away till some more recent invasion had changed the direction of their thoughts. Plundering and destroying, he swept remorselessly along. Sunday closed, but the pious work had not been finished. On Monday the Northern hordes resumed the chastisement of the men of Connaught. All day the work went on, and when night put an end to their proceedings nothing had been left unaccomplished which the most patriotic Irishman could regret. The Four Masters observe :¹ " All the country behind them, as far as they could see around on every side, was (enveloped in) one dark cloud of vapour and smoke ; and during the entire of that day the vastness of the dark clouds of smoke that rose over them aloft in every place to which they directed their

¹ " Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland," by the Four Masters, seventeenth century.

course was enough to set them astray on their route."

This is no imaginary picture, but a veritable episode in the stirring days of old. It is a record of a time when clan made war on clan, impelled by ancient feud, or at the bidding of caprice; burned each other's homes, swept the cattle from the pastures, drove the tribe itself away, and appropriated their heritage. Dispossessed by a remorseless hand, the ejected clan in turn fell on some weaker tribe, drove them out or crushed them down, and took possession of their land. Life was held as of little value.¹ The crime of murder was punished in ancient Ireland by the imposition of a fine!

Nor was it by war alone that the resources of the Irish clansmen were consumed and their peace disturbed in the Celtic age. The custom of Coyne and Livery was productive of widespread injury and distress. Coyne and Livery was the billeting

¹ Writing of the Desmond rebellion, Mr. Froude observes: "The entire province of Munster was utterly depopulated. Hecatombs of helpless creatures . . . had fallen under the English sword. . . ."

"Had no Saxon set foot on Irish shores, the tale of slaughter would have been as large or larger. To plunder and to kill, to massacre families of enemies, and to return to their dens with the spoil, while bards and harpers celebrated their triumphs, was the one occupation held in honour by the Celtic chiefs, and the Irish as a nation only began to exist when English rule at last made life and property secure. But England still pays the penalty in the hearts of an alienated race for the means by which it forced them into obedience."—*History of England*, chap. lxii.

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of soldiers on the clansman, with the power to make their own of his resources, and grind him to the very dust of misery and ruin.¹ An Act of Parliament had been passed to abolish this pernicious custom, and in some parts of Ireland, at least, the influence of this enactment was seen in the improved condition of the people. But the custom was too advantageous to Irish Chief and Anglo-Irish Baron to be readily given up; and in Ulster, where Acts of Parliament were inoperative, the custom of Coiney was in force till the reign of James the First.²

¹ "For the churle of Ireland is a very simple and toylesome man, desiring nothing but that he may not be eaten out with ceasse, coyne, nor lieurie.

"Coyne and lieurie is this—There will come a Kirne or Galliglas, which be the Irishe souldiours to lie in the churle's house, whiles he is there hee will be maister of the house, hee will not onely have meate, but money also allowed him, and at his departure the beste things he shall see in the churle's house, be it linné cloth, a shirte, mantil, or such like. Thus is the churle eaten up. . . . From which exactions that he might be free, there is no part of the cuntrie but he would seeke to, and give for lande wonderful rents, paying them in such comoditie as the ground will yield. . . ."—From a "Tract, by Sir Thomas Smith, on the Colonisation of Ards, in County Down," printed in 1572, and given in the appendix to Mr. Hill's work, "The Macdonnells of Antrim." It is said that there was limitation in the use of this custom of *Bonaght*, or Coyne and Livery. Sir John Davys seems not to have recognised any such restrictions, at least in the actual practice of the period. He says that Coyne and Livery "consisted in taking of mansmeat, horse-meat, and money of all the inhabitants of the country, at the will and pleasure of the soldier. . . . This extortion was originally Irish, for they used to lay Bonaght upon their people, and never gave their soldiers any other pay."—*Historical Tracts*.

² Coiney, and Coyne and Livery. Both of these customs were in use in mediæval Ireland. Coiney was practised by the Irish chiefs.

Nor were the officers of the Crown slow to quarter the Royal troops on the suffering people of the ill-fated land. It was an evil time for the luckless clansman. Insecure, as has been shown, in the tenure of his scrap of ground, he was just as insecure in possession of what it yielded him. Between the upper and the nether millstone the poor Irish peasant found himself reduced to complete and degrading servitude. Crushed by oppression, and liable to its inflictions by Crown and chief alike, his life must needs become a reckless scramble for existence. Denied the security and peace essential to civilisation, he was precluded from the possibility of exchanging his mediæval barbarism for the growing enlightenment of modern times.

In a country so circumstanced as I have shown mediæval Ireland to have been, it was impossible to ameliorate the condition of the people without a radical change in her institutions. The clans must be dissolved. The power of the chieftains must be

The Chief "was entitled to go with his followers to the house of the tenant," says Mr. Joyce, p. 22, who had to supply the company with food and drink. The number of followers, the time, and the food, were carefully regulated by the Breton law. . . . But it was a bad and dangerous custom.

"The Anglo-Irish lords imitated and abused this regulation by what was called Coyne and Livery. A military leader, when he had no money to pay his soldiers, turned them out with arms in their hands among the colonists to pay themselves in money and food. This was Coyne and Livery. . . . Bad as the Irish Coiney was, Coyne and Livery was much worse."

It appears that it was a sort of half-free tenants, called "daer tenants," from whom the chiefs exacted Coiney.

broken. Men must be made to learn that prosperity was the child of peace, and that peace was essential to the welfare of the realm at large and to the best interests of the individual.

During the four hundred years that had elapsed since an English king, armed with a Papal Bull, laid claim to the sovereignty of Ireland, little had been done to rectify the evils that had long oppressed the land. Mere force had failed. It had done little for the Irish race, and little, too, for England in the administration of the affairs of her Irish realm. But the sword, as has often happened in the mysterious affairs of nations, was now to become the terrible precursor of better times; for often a time of fiery trial gives birth to a time of peaceful progress in things which make for the well-being of humanity. It was so in Ireland when the seventeenth century had dawned. When James the First assumed the throne of England a calm had come after the tempest, and an opportunity was presented to heal the nation's wounds. Whether his commission was wisely done and well is a matter of opinion, but he strove according to his light. The sword had cleared obstructions from his way. A wild hurricane of revolution had swept over Ulster—Ulster, long a heartbreak to Elizabeth—and when the echoes of the strife had ceased, the rule of the Celtic chiefs and the dominion of the House of Tudor had together passed away.

CHAPTER II

HUGH ROE O'DONNEL and the Earl of Tyrone were the leaders of the Irish insurrection which harassed Elizabeth so sorely in the closing years of her reign. They were just the men to lead the Celtic clans in a struggle for the freedom of their country. The names they bore were battle-cries to the chivalry of Ulster. With the headlong bravery of O'Donnel, combined with the subtle intellect of Tyrone, the van of an English army was not the place for a coward or a bungler.

There is no career recorded in the history of Ireland more interesting or important than that of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone. He stands out in clear relief, the ablest man by far in the annals of his time. Endowed with rare mental qualities, a consummate diplomatist, no mean leader in the field, enriched and raised to lofty station by the favour of his sovereign, he occupied the foremost place among the magnates of the land. But the termination of his career presents a remarkable example of splendid opportunities brought to nought by the promptings of ambition.

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He was not a legitimate scion of the O'Neills. His father, Matthew, afterwards created Baron of Dungannon, had been adopted by Con O'Neill, first Earl of Tyrone, head of the most powerful of the north septs, and representative of a house that traced its lineage to the Irish kings.

Finding himself disinherited on the adoption of Matthew, Shane, the son of Con, and his rightful heir, made short work of the Baron of Dungannon. He slew, besides, Brian, the Baron's eldest son ; and would have disposed in a similar manner of Hugh, if he had not been taken into protection by the Queen's Government and carried off to England.

There was now an opportunity to produce, by patronage and training, an Irish chief with English predilections. The youthful O'Neill was in English hands, and by judicious management he might be made a useful auxiliary of the Crown. He might be sent into Ulster to diffuse English ideas, and weaken Celtic prejudice by precept and example.

The education of this favoured youth was entrusted to Sir Henry Sydney—afterwards Lord Deputy of Ireland. Among the statesmen of the time there were, probably, few more suited to discharge duties so important than Sir Henry Sydney. Mr. Froude has told us that he was a "high-natured, noble kind of man, fierce and overbearing, yet incapable of deliberate unfairness. A correspondent of Cecil's, who was present when the

Butlers appeared before him, when he was Lord Deputy, charged with the murder of certain colonists in the South of Ireland, remarked the singular gravity, the stoutness and wisdom, with which he spoke."¹

Of course O'Neill returned to Ireland an educated gentleman of the period, far removed in culture from the home-bred Celtic chieftain and Anglo-Irish baron. His first employment in his native land was military service, in command of a troop of horse, under the banner of the Queen. Naturally brave, and inspired, we may assume, with a desire to commend himself to Royal favour, he soon distinguished himself in a campaign against the Desmonds which ended in 1583. He was then "transferred to Ulster, where his services were represented as so necessary—ostensibly against the Antrim Scots, but in reality to serve as a check on the warlike or rebellious policy which, it was feared, the natives of this province might impose upon their 'chief captain,' Turlough Luineach O'Neill,"² who had been elected by the clan to the chieftaincy after the death of his relative, Shane, son of the first Earl of Tyrone.

Hugh O'Neill was now on the scene on which he was about to play a part of far-reaching consequence in the affairs of Ireland. Fortune seemed

¹ "History of England."

² "Plantation of Ulster," by the Rev. George Hill.

to have allied itself with the aspiring youth. He bore his father's title of Baron of Dungannon. He obtained vast possessions in the tribe-lands of the O'Neills. He aspired to a still more lofty height, and presented a petition to the Irish Parliament claiming the Earldom of Tyrone, which was allowed to him. To the favour of his sovereign he was indebted for the extensive territory he now possessed, larger "than any other earl in Ireland" had received from the Crown, and one thousand marks a year, and jurisdiction "over sundry of her subjects."¹

But Tyrone's ambition was unsatisfied, for he aspired to the title of The O'Neill. He longed to occupy a position more honourable in the estimation of his countrymen than any rank Elizabeth could bestow. We are told that ever a thirsty desire possessed him to bear a designation of more importance to him as an Irish chief than to be entitled Cæsar.² It was illegal to assume it. An Act of the Parliament of England had made the assumption of the obnoxious designation punishable by death and forfeiture of possessions. O'Neill, however, ran the risk. Acknowledged by his clan as The O'Neill, he had secured a position which would enable him to take the foremost place among the Celtic potentates of Ulster. Within his own territories he was known and addressed by his

¹ Carew MSS.

² Ibid.

Celtic title; but in the presence of the English officials as the Earl of Tyrone. And all this suggests the idea that O'Neill, at an early period in his career, meditated the schemes and projects which led him, at a later date, to take a leading part in one of the most vexatious, expensive, and disastrous revolutions that England has experienced in her long and troubled occupation of Ireland.

Tyrone's position was now remarkable. He was virtually in rebellion by the assumption of the title of The O'Neill, keeping alive the national instincts of the Ulster Celts, which it was desirable, on the part of the Crown, to extinguish. As Earl of Tyrone he bore an English title, held his lands by Royal grants, as a loyal subject of the Crown. He was trusted by Elizabeth and her Government; he was trusted by his sept, even when enjoying a patent of nobility conferred by a power which had ever been regarded with hostility in Ireland. If schemes of actual revolution occupied the mind of The O'Neill, he had ample opportunity to provide himself with a military force, ready to his hand when the day had come for action. It was desirable, for the peace and security of the island, that no armed retainer should be found in the strongholds of Tyrone; but he was permitted to keep on foot a band of soldiers, recruited among his clansmen; and of this privilege he availed himself to train a force in the English discipline, capable of

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meeting on no unequal footing the soldiers of the Queen. Passing a constant stream of kerns through the discipline of his training-school, he provided a force about which he could gather the fighting men of Ulster in the day of need. With such a power as he had thus prepared among the clansmen of Tyrone, backed by the dash and daring of the fierce swordsmen of Tyrconnel, he would be in a position to measure weapons, as we shall see further on, with the best soldiery of England.

CHAPTER III

THE brief career of Hugh Roe O'Donnel resembles the creation of a novelist in its stirring and romantic incidents. It is a romance in veritable history. It wins for him our sympathy by the suffering he endured in his early youth ; nor does it fail to claim it at the end, when he died on a foreign shore, far from the land he loved so well.

The O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnel, known now as the County of Donegal, had descended directly from the Irish monarch, Niall the Great, otherwise known as Niall of the Nine Hostages. From his youngest son, Conall, sprang the O'Donnells ; from his eldest son, Eoghan, sprang the O'Neills. Niall the Great was monarch of Ireland early in the fifth century, but the royal lineage which entitled him to be elected to the dignity of Ard-Righ, or supreme sovereign over the provincial Kings of Ireland, was old when the Christian era dawned.

At an early period the O'Neills had become the more powerful of these two great houses. While the sway of the O'Donnells was mainly confined to their own territory of Tyrconnel, the sway of the

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O'Neills had gradually extended, and at length they stood in the proud position of having achieved almost complete supremacy in Ulster.

Before the English invasion the territory of the O'Donnells was limited to the middle and western parts of Tyrconnel ; but after that event, and by the aid, it is said, of England—for the O'Donnells were often on the side of the Crown—their dominions had so increased that they occasionally measured swords with their formidable relatives, the O'Neills.

At the close of the sixteenth century a youthful scion of this great family, Hugh Roe O'Donnel, was an object of remarkable interest in Ulster and far beyond its limits. He was only in his fifteenth year, but, as we are informed in the "Annals of the Four Masters," many an eye was fixed on him as the rising hope of Ireland. He was deemed to be the "prophesied one," whom St. Columbkille had predicted should arise, drive out the oppressors, and reign for ten years over free and happy Erin. The gifts which nature had bestowed on him seemed to point him out as no ordinary youth. A handsome person, keen intelligence, intellectual endowments far beyond his years, and an impetuous spirit distinguished him among the youth of his native land ; and not only rendered him an object of peculiar interest to the Irish, but, together with the hostile spirit he had already shown towards the English rule, rendered him an object of some anxiety on

the part of the Government. If Sir John Perrott, the Lord Deputy, shared in this suspicion of the youthful O'Donnel, this feeling may have been quickened by the matrimonial alliance between the O'Donnells and O'Neills. The marriage of The O'Donnel's daughter to the Earl of Tyrone had united these powerful houses in the bonds of family relationship; exorcising, it might be deemed, the spirit of rivalry which had erewhile made them enemies, and disposing them to combine in the cause of Ireland against a common foe. Tyrone was already an object of suspicion to the Government. He had shed his blood, indeed, serving with distinction under the banner of the Queen; he had been raised to lofty honours, and enriched with royal gifts, but they thought they had reason to suspect him of sinister designs. Accusations had been made against him by his relative and rival, Turlough Luineach O'Neill, and, rightly or wrongly, Elizabeth's representatives had not refused to be influenced by his statements. The "Four Masters" observe: "The English, with the Justice and Council in general, had contracted great dislike to the Earl of O'Neill [Tyrone] . . . (although he was obedient to them), in consequence of the accusations and complaints of Turlough Luineach . . . who was always in opposition to him, and because Joan, daughter of O'Donnel, that is Hugh, son of Manus, was married to the Earl of Tyrone." Besides all

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this, O'Donnel was virtually in rebellion, having refused to allow the ancient heritage of his race to be brought under the English rule by the admission of a sheriff into Tyrconnel.

Unfortunately for Hugh Roe O'Donnel, his lot had been cast in a time when the British Isles were threatened with the "invincible" Armada. It was quite unlikely that so astute and resolute a ruler as Sir John Perrott would leave undone anything that, in his opinion, might ensure at least the neutrality of Ireland if an invasion should take place. With this design, he demanded of the Irish chiefs hostages for their good behaviour, and among them of the chieftain of Tyrconnel. O'Donnel resolutely refused. More resolutely still, his high-spirited wife, Ineen Duff MacDonnell (the Dark Daughter of MacDonnell of the Isles), refused to surrender her brilliant son, the hope of the House of O'Donnel. If the chief himself had faltered, the Dark Daughter of MacDonnell would have interposed her unquestionable authority, which was then paramount to Tyrconnel. Age had tamed the spirit of the once redoubtable O'Donnel. He was weary of the strife and turmoil of the world, and had bethought him of ending his days in the seclusion of the cloister. Hence the imperious spirit of the Dark Daughter of the Isles had full play in the affairs of the principality.

The Lord Deputy, however, was not to be turned

from his design. One day, in 1587, a vessel dropt her anchor into the clear waters of Lough Swilly, opposite Dundonald, now known as Rathmullen, the residence of Donald MacSweeney, a sub-chief under the O'Donnells. The ship had come ostensibly to trade, but within her peaceful-looking bulwarks fifty armed soldiers lay concealed ; and Birmingham, the captain, had instructions to keep his eye on other things than merchandise. He had been commissioned to secure the person of Hugh Roe O'Donnel.

Singularly enough, he of whom Birmingham was in quest came to Rathmullen at the very hour when his presence there was so anxiously desired by this pretending trader. Perhaps his arrival was, so to speak, fortuitous ; perhaps, if all were known, the explanation might be different. If his coming was accidental, it assuredly was opportune—things sometimes happen by singular combinations of events ! The Four Masters have informed us, in their “ Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland,” that the youth had come to the neighbourhood of Rathmullen bent on “ thoughtless recreation and youthful play and sports.” Mr. Standish O'Grady gives us another view of these events in his “ Red Hugh O'Donnel,” a book as able as its subject is interesting. We know from other sources that MacSweeney, of Dundonald, was then giving an entertainment to his friends, and it is remarkable enough that Bir-

mingham should have arrived in the very nick of time with his cargo of Spanish wine. According to Mr. O'Grady, Hugh Roe O'Donnel was then under the tutelage of his foster-father, Owen Oge MacSweeney—MacSweeney of the Battle-axes—whose territory lay in that central region of Tyrconnel where stands the ancient tower of Doe. Owen was brother to MacSweeney of Dundonald, and had probably been bidden to the entertainment there. But thither he had bent his steps, and he had brought along with him his youthful ward. Mr. O'Grady remarks that Birmingham had been well informed of the movements of Owen Oge—perhaps a hint of contemplated events had found its way to Dublin.

Attended by a numerous band—enough to chill the hospitable enthusiasm of an ordinary host—came MacSweeney Doe. Gallowglas and kern were of the cavalcade; harpers, “with their sheathed instruments of harmony slung behind their backs or borne by attendants; story-tellers, to beguile the intervals of feasting and music with fragments of ancient epics, and shed a glamour of the romance of old over the tame familiar facts of the present.” Huntsmen, with their hounds, were there; hawkers, with their falcons; grooms, who led the racer or the war-horse. “Owen Oge rode stirrupless, governing his steed with ‘slyding reins and a strong brass bit.’ His nether parts were clad in close-

fitting trews or long Elizabethan hose, terminating in square-toed shoes, strapped not at the instep, but at the ankle.¹ The Irish horseman, or *eques* of the period, was very particular about his foot-gear. . . . Huge rowels of shining silver adorned his heels." Of the boy, Hugh Roe, Mr. O'Grady thus observes : " His dress was a tunic of fine linen, with enormous wide sleeves hanging down on his pony's sides, and was adorned from waist to knee with innumerable plaits and folds ; in fact, an Irish variety of the Highland kilt. Over this he wore a cape or mantle, with fringed edges, fastened on the breast with a silver brooch. His sword was a lath," for he was still a boy, "and in the 'shank pillion,' which served as a saddle, were thrust a number of timber javelins." It was a motley company, but for us the central figure is the noble-looking boy, with abundant daring in his looks, and eyes that beamed with the generous exuberance of youth.¹

In fancy, we can see the grim smile of satisfaction on the face of the wary Birmingham, as he watched the cavalcade arrive, to the tune of their horses'

¹ Of the personal appearance of Hugh Roe O'Donnel, at a later period, I may observe that the Rev. Mr. Meehan says, in a note to his work, "Tyrone and Tyrconnel," p. 149, that a certain Father Mooney, who before taking the Franciscan habit served under O'Neil and O'Donnel, has left us the following pen-and-ink sketch of "Red Hugh": "He was of middle height, ruddy, of comely face, and beautiful to behold. His voice was like the clarion of a silver trumpet and his morals unimpeachable."

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footfalls, and the wild clangour of the bagpipes. Perhaps he sauntered among the throng, and asked with guileless look which was the young O'Donnel ? Perhaps he ventured to accost the youth. Assuredly he marked him well, and may have felt a touch of generous pity that so fine a boy was about to spend the morning of his life within the bars of a prison. We can scarcely fancy that the man was such a ruffian as not to feel an impulse of human pity. Probably he was nothing worse than ordinary men of the period, and we must measure him by his times—times in which deeds were done by men of no particular atrocity naturally, which if done to-day would cover the perpetrator with indelible disgrace.

Merrily went the feast, wine ran low, and MacSweeny had recourse to Birmingham. The master of the ship replied that he had no more wine to sell ; but that he should be happy to receive the chieftain and a party of his guests on board. The invitation was accepted, and a merry band repaired to the vessel, to enjoy the hospitality of the open-hearted sailor. With the chieftain of Dundonald went his brother of the battle-axes ; another of the race, known as MacSweeny Fanet ; Sir Owen O'Gallagher, who, by reason of some peculiar knightly distinction, was privileged to carry golden spurs ; and with others too, went Hugh Roe O'Donnel, and a party of his youthful

companions. Alas, poor youth ! It was the spider and the fly.) Once more we see the gleam of satisfaction on the skipper's face as the prize he came to capture stepped on board. Unsuspecting, they went below, and sat down with jovial hearts to enjoy the hospitality so generously bestowed. While they drank, the hatches were made fast, and the ship was ready to heave up her anchor and put out to sea. It was not, however, a part of the captain's work to carry to Dublin so numerous a party of the magnates of Tyrconnel. He therefore offered the chiefs their freedom if they would tender hostages instead of themselves ; an offer with which they readily complied. But no such choice was given to young O'Donnel ; and so he was carried off, and was soon hard and fast within the Castle of Dublin.

CHAPTER IV

It is evident that the Lord Deputy was far from reproaching himself with his treatment of Hugh Roe O'Donnel. On the contrary, he seems to have regarded it as an adroit stroke of policy, creditable to his capacity for government, for he refers in a "Brief declaration of some of his services to the Queen," dated the 14th of December 1588, to the imprisonment of O'Donnel, "whom I obtain'd and brought thither by a stratagem."¹ We must, however, judge Sir John by his own times, not by ours. Men were not restrained by such ideas of obligation as influence us now. Rulers, often, were carried down to depths of turpitude shocking to our modern conception by the exigencies of the State. Chiefs and barons were ever ready to revolt on the slightest provocation; and at the time of the imprisonment of Hugh Roe O'Donnel the Lord Deputy distrusted the loyalty of the Irish chiefs in the event of a landing of the Spaniards. It was to deter them from rebellion that Perrott demanded hostages, for he wrote in the document which has just been

¹ Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1588-92, p. 85.

quoted: "I have left pledges in the Castle of Dublin, and in other places, upon all the strong and doubtful men in the realm, whose names were too long here to write, whereby it is like the state of the Kingdom will continue long in quiet. . . ." In another paper, in the same volume of State Papers, a long list is given of the prisoners in the Castle at the time when young O'Donnel enjoyed the hospitality of the Crown. Three of them were pledges, along with Hugh Roe, for the loyalty of the old chieftain of Tyrconnel. Hence it will be seen that the youthful prisoner had no lack of associates in tribulation. Nor were the prison rules so rigid as to prevent them from frequent intercourse, for they were allowed daily to frequent together the battlements of the Castle.

Imagination can call up the scene—the light-hearted youths perhaps making merry over their misfortune, and indulging in good-humoured banter with the warders, who possibly enough had begun to like the lads. Fancy can depict the young O'Donnel looking with searching eye on the surroundings of his prison—on the grim old walls, the bridge across the moat, at the inner end of which guardsmen kept watch over the entrance to the keep. Then he turns away hopeless from the scrutiny, for these stern reminders of inexorable fate bid away from his mind such vague hopes of escape as have been simmering there; and then

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his thoughts fly off to the green vales and laughing streams of far-away Tyrconnel.

As time rolled on strenuous attempts were made to procure his liberation. At first, while the dreaded danger lasted, the Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam, who had replaced Sir John Perrott in the summer of 1588, was averse to any such concession. Writing to Walsingham on the 30th of September in that year, he refers to the importunate efforts to obtain the boy's "enlargement"; speaks of certain offers, doubtless of bribes, which were made with this object in view, and intimates his desire that no such concession should be made. But in the following November a change appears to have taken place in his conception of affairs. On the 10th of that month the English Privy Council wrote to the Lord Deputy and his Council in Dublin: "Now, when you and the Council there have moved us for the setting at liberty of Hugh, O'Donnel's son, being pledge in the Castle of Dublin, we think it not fit, considering the state of the present time there, to consent to his enlargement, and therein also we like well of the course your lordship hath taken, notwithstanding our former letters, in continuing still in prison Edmund Fitzgibbon and Donough M'Cormock M'Carthy, in respect of these late troubles grown by the landing of the Spaniards."¹

¹ Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1588-92, pp. 73-4.

Again and again, the Earl of Tyrone interposed on Hugh's behalf, but without avail. On one occasion The O'Donnell himself appeared in Dublin with a band of thirty Spanish prisoners, castaways of the Armada, as a tribute to the Government, in the hope that this token of loyalty might propitiate the Lord Deputy and procure the liberation of his son. While her lord was humbly pleading at the steps of the Viceregal throne the Dark Daughter of MacDonnell was forming projects of her own, with the same end in view, in the wilds of Tyrconnel. She had made up her mind that if persuasion failed the sword should strike the fetters from the heir to the honours of the O'Donnells. Her fierce Highland blood boiled at the idea that the boy's brightest years should be spent behind a prison's bars, and she determined that the realm should ring with the slogan of the war-pipes, and feel the edge of the Highland claymore, with the skean and battle-axe of Tyrconnel; but the boy must needs be free. Her lord might tamely brook refusal, but if Hugh Roe must remain in durance she would know the reason why. The fiery cross should gleam on the mountains of the Isles, and her native glens should send their plaided warriors to back the men of Ulster. Three thousand Spaniards, saved in the destruction of the Armada, had found shelter in Tyrconnel, and she would arm them against the Crown. She would call up the

men of the North, and demand a "rising out" among her allies or dependents in the West. She would teach the minions of the Crown that an Irish prince was not to be held in durance as a malefactor of the blood and station of a hind. O'Donnel and his thirty Spaniards might fail to persuade the Lord Deputy, but the Dark Daughter of the Isles would effect that conversion with the sword. Thus, doubtless, thought the high-spirited chieftainess of Tyrconnel; but she made it known to whom it might concern that she meant to draw the sword, call in the clansmen of the Scottish isles, arm the Spaniards, and proclaim a "rising out" in old Tyrconnel.¹

But of all this nothing came. Neither by threats nor persuasion could the prison's bars be drawn. Other means than either force or persuasion must be found to achieve the prisoner's liberation; and one night in winter, 1590, an attempt was made by Hugh and three of his associates in captivity—O'Gallagher, MacSweeny, and Kavanagh—to accomplish their liberation. Having provided themselves with a rope, they let themselves down, and at length stood in safety at the inner end of the bridge across the moat. It was a moment of intense suspense, for some mere accident, a very trifle in itself, might mar the prospects of a lifetime. On secrecy and celerity all depended now,

¹ See Mr. O'Grady's "Red Hugh O'Donnel."

for in the watch-room before the bridge lay the guard, perhaps in fancied security both from attack from without and treachery within. Quickly passing a piece of wood through a chain attached to the outer side of the door, the fugitives made fast the guardsmen, and then crossed the moat. Still the city must be traversed, where at every step some untoward occurrence might place them in imminent peril. But redoubled courage had awakened with the dawn of hope, and they pushed boldly onward, perhaps apart from one another, but keeping well in view, silent and wary. Here and there the feeble glimmer of an oil-lamp, swung on a cord across the street, fell upon their path, and showed them the faces of such persons as they met, all expressionless of either suspicion or curiosity—it was not unusual for wayfarers to be abroad at night in the streets of Dublin. When they reached the gate of the city on the south it was still open, so they passed freely out; and pushed on with brightening hope in the direction of the wild glens of Wicklow. That rugged land was, of all the eastern borders, the most recusant of English rule. North and westward lay the Pale, and there the fugitives had no assurance of safety in their flight. In Wicklow there was an Irish chief, Felim O'Toole, who had been a prisoner in the Castle during Hugh Roe's captivity, and it is not improbable that O'Donnel intended from the

first to claim from him the boon of hospitality on the ground of the acquaintance formed in the time of mutual trial.

But the way was toilsome, and long confinement had rendered young O'Donnel unequal to the strain on his physical resources of that weary wandering in the dead of night, amid the rugged glens of Wicklow. Unable to proceed, he sank down exhausted. Whatever may have been their motive, his three associates abandoned him, and pushed on to Glenmalure, the residence of Feagh M'Hugh O'Byrne, a fierce Celtic chief, with sword always ready to assert his independence, with whom they found shelter, and at length, by O'Byrne's assistance, got safely to Tyrconnel. But the noblest of them all was in sore distress. Around him lay the winter night, black and sullen, with death on its chilly pinions if no help should come. Fortunately the place where he lay was not far from Castle Kevin, the residence of O'Toole, and Hugh contrived to have a message sent to his former friend informing him of his condition.

There was sore perplexity at Castle Kevin. Felim must send to the assistance of the fugitive; did send forthwith, and had him conveyed to Castle Kevin—but what was then to be done? Felim was in a strait between his loyalty to his friend, and such fealty as he felt he owed to the Government in Dublin—which doubtless resolved itself

into loyalty to himself. But the lady of Castle Kevin, equal to the occasion, made him write to the authorities in Dublin informing them that O'Donnel was at Castle Kevin, and at the same time send to her brother, the redoubtable O'Byrne, telling him of Red Hugh's danger. Let the messenger to O'Byrne be swift, the one to Dublin slow; and before the servants of the Crown were half-way to Castle Kevin O'Donnel would be in safety among the fierce O'Byrnes in their stronghold of Ballinacor.

It needed no persuasion to induce the fighting men of Glenmalure to hasten to the aid of Hugh Roe O'Donnel. It was enough to know that the son of a Celtic Chief so famous as The O'Donnel was in peril of his liberty or life. Perhaps they believed that the youthful refugee was the predicted saviour of the country; but he needed Irish swords to shield him from the hated alien. It was enough for the warriors of Ballinacor. There was arming in hot haste; and the fierce kerns of Glenmalure were on their way to Castle Kevin.

Meanwhile, the hue and cry had been raised in the stronghold of the Saxon. Dublin city learned, with feelings of loyalty to the Crown, or of sympathy with the fugitives, that the prisoners had escaped, and that pursuers were on their track. Along the country roads the soldiery, like bloodhounds on the trail, woke the echoes of the hills as they rang their summons to the sleeping country-

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folk, and called on them to rise and join in the pursuit. It was the custom of the time. Up and arm in the name of her Majesty the Queen.

At Castle Kevin there was keen suspense. A life, perhaps, was hanging in the balance, and anxious hearts were waiting for tokens that relief was near. O'Toole himself was probably divided in his leanings, scarcely knowing what to hope. His reputation with the Government was at stake, and his credit, too, as an Irish chief. Of course he was patriotic, but he must needs have reflected that if Fitzwilliam's men should win the race, his own credit with the Government would rise accordingly. Still, he must have felt a touch of generous sympathy with the ill-fated Celtic youth who had claimed the shelter of his roof.

Swiftly the rival bands converged on Castle Kevin. Love of country, love of race, hatred of the alien power that long had held its iron grip on the destinies of Erin, urged on the men of Glenmalure. Perhaps they thought it would win renown to the clansmen of O'Byrne to wrest the hope of Erin from the clutches of the Saxon. Such tidings would rejoice the heart of every true-born Celt, and every hall and hamlet would resound with shouts of exultation. Senachie and bard would tell to coming generations of the achievements of the men of Glenmalure.

Swift of foot and resolute, fired by emulation

and the claims of race and love of fatherland, onward swept the "rising out"; on, by whatever way was shortest, along the hills, or through the fens, on paths known to few except the children of the wilds. They reached the Vale of Claragh, but there the waters of the Avonmore barred the way to Castle Kevin. The river rolled a brimming flood, impassable. The swift recoil of disappointment deepened into blank despair. The wild rush of waters laughed their hopes to scorn.

It was an hour of grave suspense to the fugitive in Castle Kevin. A brave man at bay, with his hand free to strike, and with his face to the foe, may rise superior to his fate; to crouch as a hunted hare and wait on doom is quite another thing. Young O'Donnel was impetuous and brave, but who can wonder if his heart fell low and pallor spread upon his cheek, listening for approaching doom?

At length it came—the fate he feared—and he must needs exchange the friendly shelter of the Celtic keep for the grim dungeon of the Saxon.

CHAPTER V

THE imprisonment of Hugh Roe O'Donnel is a dark blot on England's administration of her affairs in Ireland. There was no excuse for so long-continued and so ruthless an exercise of her authority. The danger, in dread of which the Lord Deputy had demanded hostages from the Irish Chiefs, had passed away. The Almighty, with His winds, had smitten the Armada ; and Drake, without a charge of powder, when his ammunition had been spent, had chased the shattered remnants as wild-fowl on the sea. Besides, if Ireland looked with peculiar interest on the promising scion of the line of the O'Donnels, to invest him with the reputation of a martyr was not the way to cure her infatuation, and attach her in the bonds of loyalty to the Crown. It was a bad mistake in policy. Their course was cruel and unjust, and only sharpened a hostile sword for a struggle it was their object to avert.

Two weary years went slowly past, and Hugh Roe O'Donnel, as he grew in experience of prison life, deepened, doubtless, in his hostility to his tormentors. He was now in fetters, and day by day these cold reminders of his fate awoke fierce

memories in his fiery nature of the long enthrallment of his native land. The Queen and her advisers were manufacturing a rebel of sternest mould. Endeavouring to clip the wings of Irish aspiration, they but prepared the way for one of the most disastrous outbursts of disaffection England had ever encountered in her long experience of Ireland.

Meanwhile O'Byrne was not unmindful of the captive, and sent a trusty follower to take service in the Castle, that he might be at hand to assist O'Donnel to once more escape. True to the trust reposed in him, and doubtless with right goodwill, the horseboy—for in that capacity he had served O'Byrne—contrived to slip a file into O'Donnel's hands. In an instant hope revived, and visions of home and freedom on the sunny hills of old Tyrconnel gave him heart to once again adventure an escape.

It is said that the Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam, bribed by the Earl of Tyrone, connived at the youth's escape; but the following are the incidents connected with O'Donnel's final effort to obtain his liberation.

It was Christmas Day 1592, and Red Hugh O'Donnel was busily engaged urging the eating file through the cold iron of his fetters. At length the work was done, and we can fancy the smile of triumph on the boy's handsome face, and how his clear, silvery voice broke out into joyous laughter.

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Then were filed off the bonds of his companions, Henry and Arthur O'Neill. Having been furnished with a rope, they let themselves down through a funnel in the wall, into the sewer of the Castle—a circumstance which seems to throw discredit on the statement about the connivance of Fitzwilliam—crept as rats along the foul pitch-dark way, and came out beside the moat. Then they stript and swam across. The horseboy was in waiting, with brogues strong and serviceable on the rough hills of Wicklow.

Again O'Donnel threads the streets of Dublin, passes the frowning gate, swiftly traverses the suburbs, and is soon on the open way to Wicklow.

The night was dark and rainy. Fierce gusts of wind swept across the hills. Snow began to fall, and the path became obscure. Henry O'Neill lost his way; perhaps he swooned from weakness and fatigue, and was unable to answer his companions when they called. Somehow they were separated, and Hugh, with Art and their attendant, must proceed without him.

It was soon Henry's turn to droop under the fatigue which long incarceration doubtless had rendered him unable to endure. He was, besides, obese; a person quite unsuited for such an expedition. It was not, however, in the nature of O'Donnel to abandon him. Companions in captivity, comrades in their flight, common dangers must be

shared ; so, with the assistance of the horseboy, he endeavoured to help O'Neill on the way to safety. At length fatigue compelled them to forego their generous efforts, and they laid him down in the shelter of a rock. Then, despatching the horseboy to Glenmalure with intelligence of their condition, O'Donnel kept by the side of his companion.

Slowly the hours went past—hours of weary waiting. Night gave place to day ; day paled out before the coming night. Hunger, too, assailed them, and to assuage its pangs they had recourse to leaves, gathered by O'Donnel. It was sorry fare, which O'Neill resolutely rejected ; but O'Donnel, with more vitality, probably, than the other, forced himself to eat, or his repugnance had been lessened by the craving of a keener hunger.

Meanwhile the horseboy had made his way to Ballinacor. Doubtless O'Byrne had all along expected that at any hour O'Donnel might present himself at his gate. Now, when his messenger had come, he was ready to send at once to his relief, more particularly as he was then himself in rebellion against the Crown. Speedily a party were on their way to the rescue of the fugitives. Snow had meanwhile fallen, and had wrapped the earth in its fleecy folds. It lay so deep that it was difficult to find the place where Hugh and Art lay buried. Neither groan nor cry for help broke the silence of the wilderness. If winds were stirring in the wilds,

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they brought no tidings on their pinions. The lynx-eyed mountaineers were baffled, and sagacity was at fault. At length they found them, covered with the snow, Hugh Roe far spent, but Art O'Neill was dead.

There was rejoicing at Ballinacor, and O'Donnel was received with boundless exultation. Their Celtic nature was on fire with the wild enthusiasm of war with the hated Saxon, and the refugee from a Saxon prison was received accordingly. Fierce were the reproaches which they cast upon their mutual foes, using "expressions of the most implacable hostility to the English name."

While Hugh Roe lay at Ballinacor, suffering from the consequences of fatigue and exposure to the wild storms of winter, fleet messengers sped northward with the news of his escape.

On the part of the Lord Deputy there was at least the appearance of anxiety to recapture the fugitive. He sent out patrols to watch along the Liffey. He had surmised, perhaps, that O'Donnel had fled to Glenmalure, and had assumed that O'Byrne would send him, at the first favourable moment, on his way to Ulster.

To the North the chieftain meant to send his charge, but he had no intention that he should run the risk of falling in with the Lord Deputy's troopers. With sagacity that did him credit, he assumed that in the vicinity of the gates of Dublin less vigilant watch would be kept, and thither the

escort who conveyed O'Donnel bent their way. According to one account they crossed the Liffey near to Castleknock, several miles away ; but the place is unimportant, except in so far as it takes the colour a little out of the narrative of O'Byrne's sagacity.

O'Donnel's homeward way lay within the Pale at first, a dangerous country to traverse with no sufficient escort, for a numerous party would have drawn suspicion. At any turn, at any narrow pass, he might find himself confronted with the points of English spears. Before him lay the Boyne, with Drogheda in possession of the Crown, and the river must be crossed somehow, if not by the bridge at the town. But fortune, sometimes seemingly as fickle as the winds, but often fixed in purpose as the laws of fate, was favourable now, and by the aid of a friendly fisherman he was ferried across the stream, while his horses were conveyed in safety through the town.

He was still within the Pale, but the line was near that marked the southern march of Ulster. Passing through Dundalk at speed, they were soon beyond the Pale, in a land of woods and wilds, the borderland along the wide dominion of Tyrone.

Safe at length with Tyrone himself in his residence at Dungannon ! There he rested for a day or two ; then set out, and was soon at Ballyshannon, in the home of the O'Donnels.

CHAPTER VI

HUGH ROE O'DONNEL carried back to Ulster, with the bitter remembrance of his wrongs, a passionate ambition to free his native land. He might justly regard himself as already a martyr in her cause. Fiery hatred of the English name seethed within his veins. Cruelty had done its baneful work—the blind infatuation that failed to see that mercy, even when punishment is justly due to crime,

“becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown.”

He was now in a position to take a leading place in Ulster. With the prestige arising from his sufferings and wrongs, and the interest he awakened by his remarkable personal qualities, he was just the man to lead the warriors of Tyrconnel. He had returned in the nick of time. The ruling chief was aged and infirm, ready to withdraw from the active government of the principality, and he readily made way for the clearer head and firmer nerve of his son.

It was necessary, however, that Red Hugh

should be elected to the chieftaincy by the several septs of the principality of Tyrconnel. The chieftaincy was hereditary in the family, but never passed from father to son in right of primogeniture. Notwithstanding his lofty claims, the clansmen of Tyrconnel were not unanimous in the election of this hopeful scion of the race to the position of O'Donnel. The O'Gallaghers, the O'Dohertys, and some of the MacSweenys were in favour of a rival, Sir Niall Garve O'Donnel; but the result of the election was the elevation of Hugh Roe to the chieftaincy.

Never in the long annals of Tyrconnel had senachie and bard, galloglass and kern, assembled around the ancient inauguration-stone at Kilmacrenan to invest with the insignia of authority a leader more in harmony with the national aspirations of Ireland. In O'Donnel's apprehension, the English were intruders, and their rule an alien bond which it was just to sever with the sword. Love of country, duty to his Church, equally urged him on. It is true that the head of the Church of which he was a member had bestowed the Lordship of Ireland on the Anglo-Norman Henry, and it is probable that if the Pope had still been on the side of England, O'Donnel would have drawn the sword unfalteringly against the Tiara and the Crown. Anathemas, however, went the other way in O'Donnel's day. The thunders of the Vatican

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were held in store to be launched against the heretical Queen, and hence the fiery chieftain of Tyrconnel was supported in his patriotism by the sanction of his creed. England had renounced allegiance to the enthroned ecclesiastic who claimed to rule the nations from the city of the Cæsars, and the Papacy had taken the side of revolution. The Pope was willing to give the same indulgence to rebels against the Crown of England as had been given to the Crusaders. Elizabeth he regarded as "the most implacable heretic of the day,"¹ and it was deemed none the less meritorious to recover Ireland from her rule than to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the possession of the infidel. Hence, when Hugh Roe O'Donnel drew the sword, he was entering on a contest which aimed at the extinction in Ireland of the Protestant awakening of modern times.

O'Donnel soon gave proof that a chieftain of no ordinary order had arisen. It was felt far beyond the bounds of Ulster that a true leader of men had come; and many, who owed him no consideration by the claims of blood or clanship, readily bowed to his authority. With the impulsiveness of youth, he soon began the conflict he meant to wage against the sovereignty of England. He sent to the Western Highlands of Scotland for assistance. He sent the Roman Catholic Bishop of

¹ "Fate and Fortunes of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel," by Rev. Mr. Meehan, p. 29.

Kilala to Philip II. to procure for Ireland the aid of Spain. That no time might be lost in bringing on the day of reckoning he despatched, in 1593, his brother-in-law, Maguire, at the head of a band of warriors, into Connaught, who smote with vigorous hand the English forces in that province. Sir Ralph Bingham, Governor of Connaught, in obedience to orders received from the Lord Deputy, led a strong body of troops into Ulster to retaliate, and assert the supremacy of the Crown. Having inflicted severe chastisement with the sword on Maguire, he plundered the country, to leave a salutary impression on whom it might concern to learn the lesson of the might of the English arms.

Early in 1594 the Lord Deputy himself advanced into Ulster, and laid siege to Maguire's Castle of Enniskillen, which he captured ; and then devoted himself to educating the natives in loyalty by plundering. O'Donnel was soon under arms, and in June invested Enniskillen, which was held by an English garrison. Meanwhile news was on its way to the northern chief that a body of Scottish auxiliaries had landed at Lough Foyle. Leaving his main body under Maguire, before Enniskillen, he set out with a troop of horse to receive his allies, and while he was thus engaged a combined force of English and Irish advanced to the relief of Enniskillen. Led by Maguire, the men of Ulster met the attack so vigorously that victory remained with

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their banner ; and so complete was the overthrow of the Anglo-Irish allies that the Castle was surrendered, and the Royal troops retired in complete discomfiture.

The renown of the O'Donnel was now noised abroad on the swift wings of fame. Irish gentlemen of the West, who had suffered wrong, or what they looked upon as wrong, at the hands of the Crown, or of the Crown's Irish allies, cried to him for help. Little loath, he hastened to their assistance, and on the 3rd of March 1595 swept into Connaught, laid waste the country, and returned to Ulster with his spoil, to stock the pastures of Tyrconnel.

In April O'Donnel was again upon the warpath, to teach the men of Longford and of Cavan how the regenerator of Ireland would fulfil his destiny. With fire and sword the patriotic work went on—drastic remedy, perhaps, for a desperate disease. Then, he once more returned to his stronghold in the North, with a goodly booty trotting before his spears.

CHAPTER VII

MEANWHILE, the Earl of Tyrone had been drifting towards rebellion. He appears to have had excuse enough for at least very serious discontent. Injuries which he had received, he said, and fears for his life had impelled him into disaffection. He set forth his causes of discontent in a series of articles, which he laid before Commissioners deputed by the Queen to receive the complaints of her discontented subjects in Ulster. Bagenall, the Marshal of Ulster, he said, "having possessed the now Lord Deputy¹ with many bribes in plate and great sums of money, wrested from the inhabitants under his rule, hath in June last [1593], by false accusation of treason, sought the Earl's life, and produced base men to prove the same when the Lord Deputy and Council were at Dundalk, who have brought disquietness in all these northern parts."² Among other grievances he alleged that in certain services he had rendered to the Crown against Maguire he had expended "near £3000 sterling, for which and the loss of his blood he had no thanks, but was

¹ Fitzwilliam.

² See Mr. Hill's "Plantation of Ulster," p. 38.

called traitor by the Lord Deputy at his own table ; while the Marshal (having only her Majesty's forces, and none of his own) obtained a concordatum of £400." "The Lord Deputy and Marshal are knit together against the Earl," Tyrone continues, further on in his allegations, "and do and have sought his life. They are greatly befriended in Court, while the Earl himself, since the death of the Earl of Leicester, the late Lord Chancellor, Sir Francis Walsingham, and others of his friends in England, is destitute of friends. Therefore, although for the confidence he had in the Lord Chancellor and Sir Robert Gardiner, and also in Sir Anthony St. Leiger (third now in the Commission) he is come to them, nevertheless the Earl will use the best means he can for preserving his life, and will not trust those that seek his death by indirect means ; but he will be true and faithful to her Highness."

He had incurred suspicion by holding aloof from "the State" at a time when other Ulster chiefs were in open revolt. In autumn 1594 he appeared before the Lord Deputy in Dublin. Humbling himself, he promised obedience to the Queen—and he wrote to the same effect to the Lords of the Council in London. He asked to be restored to her Majesty's favour, of which he had been deprived by the slanders of his enemies.

Sir Henry Bagenall interposed. He was ready to

accuse Tyrone of high treason, and of having aided the rebels, Hugh Roe O'Donnel and Maguire.

Between the Earl of Tyrone and his accuser, the Council in Dublin was in perplexity. The Lord Deputy held that the Earl should be "stayed" to answer the charges which had been preferred against him. The majority took the opposite view, and the Lord Deputy bowed to their decision.

The leniency shown towards Tyrone by her Irish Council incensed the Queen. "This fox's treasonable practices were now so apparent," that she had instructed her representatives in Dublin, "that in case he came to the State he should be stayed till he had cleared himself of all imputed crimes. The Lords in England by letter sharply reproved the Lord Deputy for so dismissing him."¹

The hour at length arrived when Tyrone was to draw the sword, and begin that long and momentous struggle with which the Celtic age in Ireland passed away for ever. Early in 1595 The O'Neill unfurled his standard.

It was a conflict of the utmost moment. Imperial interests were at stake. If England should be worsted, not only might Ireland afford a vantage-ground to Spain, but, a serious blow would have been dealt to the spreading tree of Protestantism.

As leader on the Irish side, Tyrone was virtually the champion of the Church of Rome. He was

¹ Fynes Moryson's "History of Ireland."

recognised as such by the King of Spain. Writing from Madrid on the 22nd of January 1596, Philip thus addressed him : " I have been informed you are defending the Catholic cause against the English. That this is acceptable to God is proved by the signal victories you have gained. I hope you will continue to prosper ; and you need not doubt but I will render you any assistance you may require. Give credence to Fusius, the bearer, and acquaint him with your affairs and your wishes."¹

The Earl of Tyrone, however, had not always been so zealously devoted to the interests of Roman Catholicism. Tell it not in Gath ! but in the early days of his remarkable career he was ready enough to assure the Crown of his willingness to discourage the profession of that religion. It was the policy of the State to insist that all subjects of the realm should conform to the Established Church. Following the example they had been taught by the Church from which they had ventured to dissent, they denied the rights of conscience, and sought to crush in men the noblest instincts of their nature. For reasons of his own, the Earl of Tyrone deemed it prudent to support the policy of the Government. In May 1590, he offered not " willingly to receive or maintain any Popish priest, monk, or friar." In the following month he agreed to " maintain not willingly in his country any monk, friar, nun, or

¹ Calendar, Carew Manuscripts, 1589-1600, vol. iii. p. 141.

priest, that shall not conform themselves to the religion now established." It was, then, his object to stand well with the State; but now other thoughts possessed him — vaster schemes than those of the day-dreams of his youth occupied his mind. But who can tell how early in his career the germ of his towering ambition was deposited in his subtle brain? His apparent willingness, in the outset of his career, to take part against his Church may have been only a step in a far-reaching project for his aggrandisement.

It was for his interest now to appear before the Roman Catholic section of the world as the champion of the Church. It would kindle enthusiasm among such of her sons in Ulster as were zealous in her cause. It would gain for him the sympathy, at least, of Spain, and something more perhaps, for doubtless Tyrone set little store by that emotion by itself. It would win for the Irish arms the benediction of the Pope, and bring down a stern anathema on all the sons of Erin who might continue in obedience to the heretical Queen. Nor was the wily chieftain disappointed in his reliance on the Pontiff. On the 13th of February, while the rebellion was in progress, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, and the Vicar Apostolic, wrote from the "Catholic Camp" to Lord Barry: "We have received an excommunication from the Pope against all those that doth join not in the Catholic

action. The same was first published in Ulster and in the North, and upon receipt thereof by us we have accordingly published the same."¹

It was clearly seen by Elizabeth that the struggle in which Tyrone was engaged was no mere effort to achieve their independence by a set of Irish chiefs. In June 1595, after Tyrone had drawn the sword, she issued a proclamation in which she reminded him that he had been advanced to the dignity of an earldom; that vast possessions had been bestowed upon him, but that, notwithstanding, aspiring to be prince of Ulster, he had drawn into rebellion most of the chiefs of that province. She required all her subjects who had joined with him to return to their allegiance, promising to secure to them, on submission, their lands and lives. She accused Tyrone, besides, of conspiring against her with Spain and others of her enemies.

There was soon abundant proof that the Queen had not gone beyond the truth. In the autumn of 1595 a letter from Tyrone and O'Donnel to the King of Spain was intercepted, and came into the hands of the Government. "Our only hope," they said, "of re-establishing the Catholic religion rests on your assistance. Now or never our Church must be succoured. By the timidity or negligence of the messengers our former letters have not reached you. We therefore again beseech you to send to us

¹ Carew MSS.

2000 or 3000 soliders, with money and arms, before the Feast of St. Philip and St. James. With such aid we hope to restore the faith of the Church, and secure for you a kingdom.”¹

¹ Carew MSS. under date 5 *Cal. Octobris*, 1595.

CHAPTER VIII

EARLY in 1595 Tyrone drew the sword of Irish independence. The great conflict had begun that was largely to determine the destiny of Ireland. It was a contest the influences of which were to operate remarkably on far-distant times, as any one may discover who cares to trace occurrences to their antecedents. To it is due in no remote degree the Scoto-Anglican colonisation of Ulster, with its momentous consequences to Ireland and the Empire. To it in part is due, as one of its remote but easily traceable results, the freedom of the United States, for the banner of the Stars and Stripes was carried in the van of conquering freedom surrounded by the flashing swords of the sons of Scoto-Anglican Ulster.

On the part of Tyrone, the conflict opened with the capture of the Queen's Fort on the Blackwater. "This fort," says M'Gee, in his "History of Ireland," "which was situated between Armagh and Dungannon, about five miles distant from either, served, before the fortification of Charlemont, as the main English stronghold in that part

of Ulster. The river Blackwater, on which it stood, from its source on the borders of Monaghan to its outlet in Lough Neagh, watered a fertile valley, which now became the principal theatre of war; for Hugh O'Neil, and afterwards for his celebrated nephew (Owen Roe O'Neil, so distinguished in the stirring times of the great convulsion in the following century), it proved to be a theatre of victory." In consequence of this audacious proceeding, the Lord Deputy, Sir William Russell, who had succeeded Fitzwilliam, and the Lord General, Sir John Norris, an officer distinguished by his services on the Continent, led the royal forces into Ulster.

The wily northern chief had no desire to measure swords just then with so competent a leader as Norris. He therefore evacuated the fort on the Blackwater, burned Dungannon and a house he had been building for himself, laid the country waste, and retired into a position in which he doubtless, and with reason, deemed himself secure. There he entrenched himself and quietly awaited operations on the part of his assailants. To drive him from his stronghold, where every path and tangled jungle was familiar to his kerns, was deemed by the wary officers of the Queen an undertaking which it was desirable to avoid. Besides, their provisions had run short. They determined, therefore, to abandon operations against Tyrone; and throwing a garrison into the town of Armagh, they retired toward the

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Pale. The Lord Deputy returned to Dublin; the Lord General, with the army, kept watch on the frontier of Ulster.

The sheathing of the sword was followed with negotiations for peace, which appear to have originated with the Earl of Tyrone, although, according to some accounts, the initiative was taken by the representatives of the Crown. Unfortunately for Tyrone, a letter which he had written, offering submission, doubtless a part of the wily policy of that remarkable leader, and which he had forwarded to the Lord Deputy, fell into the hands of Sir Henry Bagenall, one of his most implacable enemies—all the more dangerous because his enmity was personal, the Earl having married his sister, Mabel, contrary to his wishes. The Marshal held back the letter, and the Lord Deputy, on his return to Dublin, proclaimed Tyrone a traitor, accompanying the proclamation with epithets so insulting that the proud spirit of the northern chief must have taken grave offence. Notwithstanding these occurrences, a commission, consisting of Sir Henry Wallop and Sir Robert Gardiner, Chief Justice of Ireland, was appointed to confer with Tyrone.

There is a difference in the accounts we have of the place where the conference was held; by one averment it was in the vicinity of Monaghan, by another at Dundalk. It is an instance of the strange discrepancy sometimes found between the

writers of Irish history. The tendency to disagreement, so racy of the soil, seems to have invaded the historical intelligence. Say the editors of the *Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts*:¹ "The same perplexity which Englishmen now feel in real life in arriving at a clear understanding of the condition of Ireland is experienced in every chapter of its history. The accounts given by opposite parties, and often by the same parties at different intervals, are so conflicting, so irreconcilable, that the bewildered reader is at a loss to determine what conclusions he ought to credit." Fortunately, however, the discrepancy with which we have to deal is of no importance. The conference was held, and thither came Tyrone, plausible, as usual, and bristling with complaints against his adversaries. He took exception to certain usurped jurisdiction on the part of the Marshal, Sir Henry Bagenall. He accused him of slandering him to the Queen, and of intercepting his letter to her representatives. He had never, he said, conspired with any foreign potentate till he had been proclaimed a traitor—referring to an occurrence at a former period.²

He prayed for forgiveness, asked for liberty of

¹ Introduction, vol. ii. p. 9.

² "The Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam had captured the Castle of Enniskillen from Maguire, and had proclaimed that chief a traitor. It was said by the Irish that a similar charge had been made against Tyrone. On this account the Earl alleged that he had reason to misdoubt his safety, and that he had combined with O'Donnel and other lords of Ulster to defend his liberty and lands."—FYNES MORYSON.

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worship, and that no royal troops should be stationed in his territory—a demand which doubtless is explained, in part at least, by the following observations by Mr. Hill: “Indeed, on all sides the bitterest complaints were then loudly spoken by Ulster lords or chiefs, because of the oppressions inflicted upon them by Government officials; whilst the common people literally groaned under the exactions and insults of the English soldiers.”¹ He stipulated, besides, that no sheriff should be appointed within his territory.

O'Donnell, too, and other northern chiefs appeared before the Commissioners. Reminding the Commissioners that his forefathers had often done good service to the Crown, O'Donnell referred to the injustice he had suffered in his long imprisonment in Dublin. He prayed for pardon for himself, and such as had been engaged with him in rebellion, and besought exemptions similar to those that had been demanded by Tyrone.

The Commissioners acknowledged that some of the demands put forward by the chiefs were just; the rest they would lay before the Queen. To certain conditions which the Commissioners wished to impose on them the chiefs refused to agree; and so the conference came to an end, with the understanding that for some days there should be no renewal of hostilities.

¹ “Plantation of Ulster,” p. 37.

It is evident that the object of the Commissioners, in favouring a truce, was to afford the Irish leaders an opportunity to reconsider their position. The Queen had no desire to continue the conflict. War would cost many lives, and Elizabeth took no delight in bloodshed; for to her "nothing naturally was more distasteful than cruelty."¹ It would cost her money, and she had never been unduly lavish of her coin. Expenditure was hateful to the Queen; and, in the spirit of a huckster, she kept her grasp upon her money-bags. Her Ministers quailed when they approached her on the subject of expenditure, especially when the outlay was required in her troublesome realm of Ireland.²

The period of the truce passed away without the desired results, and hostilities once more began. The monastery at Monaghan being occupied by an English force, was invested by Tyrone. Norris was soon once more in motion, advancing to the relief of the beleaguered Royalists. After various vicissitudes of fortune, he succeeded in re-victualling the garrison, and then drew off, and fell back in the direction of Newry.

His march, however, was not to be a quiet military promenade. Before him lay Tyrone, posted on the bank of a rivulet at Clontibret, and a sharp

¹ Froude's "*History of England*," vol. ix. p. 180.
² *Ibid.*, vol. x. p. 225.

encounter followed.¹ Twice the Lord General was repelled in his efforts to drive the Irish from their position, and force his way to Newry. Tyrone himself seems to have mingled in the conflict—at least he was encountered by Seagrave, a Royalist officer of cavalry of herculean build. They appear to have met in full career, for the lance of each was shattered in the onset. Seagrave seized his antagonist by the throat, and with the grip of a giant hurled him from the saddle. Ferocious as a pair of tigers, they continued the deadly conflict as they lay rolling on the ground. The din of battle ceased, and Celt and Saxon stood in anxious contemplation of the combat. It recalls to mind the scenes in the arena, when the citizens of Rome gazed in breathless suspense on the deadly conflict of the gladiators; but the feelings that animated the spectators at Clontibret were doubtless different from the cruel instincts of the Roman populace. In the breast of the ancient Roman there was ferocious thirst for bloodshed, fierce and callous pleasure in the atrocities of the amphitheatre. He heard the pitiful salutation to the Emperor of “Hail, Cæsar, we who are about to die salute

¹ It is only fair to say that historians differ as to the time of the occurrence of the events I am now relating. According to some of them the relief of Monaghan and the battle of Clontibret took place in spring, before the conference between the Ulster chiefs and the Queen's Commissioners; according to others, they occurred in autumn, after that event. It is a remarkable instance of historical discrepancy.

thee," without a quiver, and gave the signal of death as coolly as he waved a salutation in the street. The iron nerve of the Saxon was little moved at the death of an opponent. The Celt was fierce, and never quailed at the sight of blood. But neither was so callous as not to feel the promptings of a chivalrous emotion, or a touch of patriotic sentiment. At length the struggle ceased, and Tyrone rose victorious. He had succeeded in driving his dagger into his luckless foe-man. When the struggle at Clontibret ceased, without any decisive results, Norris continued his march to Newry, from which a contingent had advanced to his assistance.

CHAPTER IX

THE year 1595 closed with an armistice between the Crown and the insurgent chiefs of Ulster ; and 1596 opened with negotiations for a permanent peace.

It was surely a mistake in policy, unless under circumstances irresistibly cogent, to treat with subjects in actual rebellion. It was a sign of weakness, and Ireland was not in a condition in which it was safe to show that insurrection was a game that might be indulged in with comparative impunity. Connaught was largely on the side of the rebellious leaders in the North. Leinster was disaffected. Munster, says Sir George Carew, at heart was Spanish, seriously disaffected on account of recent confiscations, and ready to draw the sword if a competent leader could be found.¹ Notwithstanding, a commission was issued to Sir Henry Wallop, Treasurer for War, and Sir Robert Gardiner, Chief Justice of Ireland, to treat with the rebellious chieftains of the North.

On the 15th of January the Commissioners reached

¹ Calendar, Carew MSS., 1589-1600, p. 106.

Dundalk. Tyrone, too, arrived, taking up his quarters in the neighbourhood, and he was soon joined by O'Donnel. Several other northern chiefs, associated in the rebellion, also came to the rendezvous. The Commissioners required them to repair to Dundalk for conference, accompanying their mandate with an assurance of personal safety to the Irish leaders. It was not enough, however, to satisfy Tyrone. He was too distrustful to venture thither, where walls and gates and English spears might bar his way to Ulster. He positively refused to meet the Commissioners save at a place in the open country, where there would be little danger of ambush or surprise. It was finally arranged that a meeting should take place on the 20th, at a place about a mile outside Dundalk.

On the preceding day the Commissioners wrote to Tyrone, asking him to inform them in writing of his demands. "If they should be acceptable to her Majesty, they assured him of her gracious pardon for his life, lands, and goods, and also for the rest of the confederates."¹ In reply they received the following demands, signed by the Earl, O'Donnel, M'Gwire, M'Mahon, Hu. O'Neale, and Shane O'Neale—viz. "That all persons may have liberty of conscience; that the Earl and all the inhabitants of Tyrone may have pardon and be restored to their blood; and that all the chieftains and others who

¹ Calendar, Carew MSS., 1589-1600, p. 133.

have taken the Earl's part may have like pardon—namely, M'Gwire, M'Mahon, O'Hanloyme, O'Relye, the M'Ginnesses, Neal Brian Ertaghe, Shane M'Brian M'Phelims, and those of the Rowte. All these to depend upon the Earl's peace, the Earl yielding for them such rents, services, and rising-out as their ancestors have paid to her Majesty's predecessors. That O'Donnel may have pardon for himself and his followers . . . and all those of Connaught that have taken O'Donnel's part, and all of them to have their several lands; and that O'Donnel may have such right in Connaught as his ancestors had. . . . That no garrison, sheriff, or other officer shall remain in Tyrconnel, Tyrone, or any of the inhabitants' countries before named, excepting the Newry or Carrickfergus. The Earl, O'Donnel, and the rest (if these requests be granted) will remain dutiful; and after a while, when the great fear which they conceived is lessened, they will draw themselves to a more nearness of loyalty to her Highness."

With these propositions to digest, the Commissioners set out on the morning of the 20th for the place of conference. They were accompanied only by the sheriff, Sir Henry Duke, and Geralt Moore, all of them unarmed save with their swords. As they proceeded, the Irish leaders were descried approaching, accompanied by a band of about two hundred men, horse and foot. This was contrary

to arrangement, which limited the escort of the confederates to the same number as accompanied the representatives of the Crown, and the latter remonstrated. Word was sent to the Irish chiefs that they had not conformed to the agreement. Many messages were interchanged, and finally it was arranged, say the Commissioners in a letter to the Lord Deputy and Council, "that on either part two should be sent to search and view the ways, and what weapons either part had, and that their troops should stand one quarter of a mile from us, and we to have two horsemen betwixt their said troops and ourselves, and Tyrone and O'Donnel to have other two horsemen betwixt us and Dondalke."

For three weary hours the Commissioners continued to discuss the confederates' proposals. It was a wild, wintry day. Fierce gusts of wind swept across the landscape, but the Irish chiefs kept stubbornly to the saddle, ready, doubtless, to retire the moment a horseman's helmet appeared in the direction of Dundalk. Neither party was disposed to fall in completely with the proposals of the other side. On the part of the Irish "O'Donnel was most resolute." Fiery and impetuous by nature, it is probable he was "arrogant and insolent," his usual manner, as described by the Commissioners in a letter to the Lord Deputy and Council. Tyrone, on the contrary, was, doubtless, the astute and wary diplomatist. Finesse and

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subtle speech were more in keeping with his character than impetuous declamation. Nothing came, however, of the conference, and they separated, to meet again on the following day.

The issue of the conference on the 21st was in no respect more favourable to either side than that of the one on the day preceding it. And after other meetings and correspondence, these negotiations terminated with no other result than a prolongation of the truce which had begun in the autumn of the preceding year. But the confederates and the Commissioners were equally desirous to prolong the cessation of hostilities. It was of importance to the Crown to procure a respite. On the 23rd of January the Lord Deputy and Council wrote to the Commissioners: "You know how slenderly we stand furnished for wars and troubles." On the 27th they wrote again to Wallop and his associate, enjoining them to procure a cessation of war for three months, if possible, and if this could not be accomplished to endeavour to obtain a truce for a month, twenty days, or even ten.¹

But the servants of the Crown need have been under no apprehension of unwillingness on the part of the rebellious chiefs to enter into an arrangement for a continuation of the truce. For such conditions Tyrone and his associates were no less desirous than they were themselves, and on the 24th

¹ Calendar, Carew MSS., 1589-1600, p. 149.

the Earl and O'Donnel wrote to the Commissioners asking for a prolongation of the truce till Michaelmas or Hallowtide—a demand which the Queen's negotiators at Dundalk regarded as indicating that the northern chiefs were in expectation of receiving aid, either from abroad or from the disaffected in other parts of the island.¹

There can be little doubt that the object of the confederates in endeavouring to prolong the cessation of hostilities was in accordance with the conjecture of the Commissioners. It has been shown already that the Irish leaders had written to Philip, imploring his assistance and stimulating the conscience of the Catholic king with the assurance that such aid would make for the re-establishment of the Church in Ireland. Tyrone wrote to Don Carolo: "I was confident that I should not in vain appeal to you for aid. The faith might be re-established in Ireland within one year, if the King of Spain would send only 3000 soldiers. All the heretics would disappear, and no other sovereign would be recognised than the King Catholic. Both I and O'Donnel have besought him to succour the Church. Pray second our petition. If we obtain positive assurance of succour from the king we will make no peace with the heretics." "Intercepted, and received the 29th Sept. from the hands of Piers O'Cullen."²

¹ Calendar, Carew MSS., 1589-1600, p. 148.

² Ibid., p. 122.

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Tyrone, O'Donnel, and Montfort, wrote to Don John Delaguila: "As we have heard of your fame, and of your goodwill towards us and our country, we pray you to assist the bearer, who is sent by us to the King Catholic, to obtain his aid in our warfare for the Catholic faith. By acceding to our request, he will re-establish our religion and acquire a kingdom."

This document also fell into the hands of the Government of the Queen, the "greatest heretic in Europe," on the 29th of September 1595, by the hands of the aforesaid Piers O'Cullen. After all this, who can be in doubt about the schemes of the insurgents? Their negotiation was palaver. Their request for the continuation of the truce a scheme, at least in part, to give time for the arrival of assistance from beyond the seas. "If we obtain positive assurance of succour from the king, we will make no peace with the heretics!"

Elizabeth was dissatisfied with the manner in which the rebels had been dealt with, and wrote to the Lord Deputy and Council in no uncertain terms. "In your letter of the 9th of last month," she said, "there is nothing to our contentation." They had told her, she observed, of the "traitorous intent of the traitors to continue in their rebellion and in their barbarous demands, though, as yourselves confess, they did in the beginning stand simply upon our mercy, without condition, and made offers to give

largely for the redemption of their faults, which if you had at the time accepted, and not passed over the time so many months in fond device by learned counsel to form their pardons, this that hath followed, so contrary to their submission, had not now happened." She complained of "all Ulster wholly, saving two or three places, and all Connaught, saving as few places, wholly possessed with rebels, and likewise some of the counties next our English Pale in like danger." She had caused, she said, "answers to be made to the presumptuous demands of the rebels, such as shall be fit for rebels to receive."

And so 1596 drew sullenly towards its close, without any decisive advantage to either side. Nor had anything of importance been effected with the sword. Dissatisfied as before, the northern leaders held aloft the standard of revolt. Fears of a Spanish invasion lay as a nightmare on the apprehension of the loyalists, for reports had been brought by persons "come lately out of Spain," the Lord Deputy wrote, in October, to the English Privy Council, "that a fleet of Spanish ships set out to sea to have come hither, by this time had arrived here if they had not been dispersed and wrecked by tempest about Cape Finister, as also that the remain of the said fleet and army, to the number of 2000, are said to have direction to come on, and thought now to be at sea again. . . ." The

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Lord Deputy speaks besides of the "dangerous state of this distressed kingdom . . . as well through the great force, strength, and means of the rebels themselves, as through their continual practise to draw in foreign assistance. . . ." Meanwhile, the Earl of Tyrone, with all his forces, save such as were engaged in the environment of the Queen's garrison in Armagh, hovered on the border of the Pale, which he daily devastated. It was thought, says Sir William Russell, that it was Tyrone's intention to effect a junction with the Spaniards, who, he doubtless assumed, in common with Sir George Carew, in his "Discourse of Ireland," would, most probably, land in the southern parts of the island.

Passing on to 1597, the prospect was dark enough, from a loyalist's point of view. From end to end Ulster was in rebellion. Not a foot of ground, save such as lay within the shadow of her forts, remained in possession of the Queen; and the only fortresses that flew the standard of the realm were Newry, Carrickfergus, Carlingford, Dundrum, Greencastle, Oldfleet, and Armagh. Every Irish chief was in alliance with Tyrone. In Connaught, dissatisfaction shook its grisly locks, and bared its bloody arm. Clare, Galway, Mayo, Roscommon, Sligo, and Leitrim had each "its particular disturbers." Sir Conyers Clifford, the President of that province, had no force at his disposal powerful enough to assert effectively the authority of the

Crown ; while Hugh Roe O'Donnel lorded it at will in Leitrim, "whereof the O'Rourkes have usurped rule, and are at his devotion ;" and in Mayo his command was law.

It was an anxious time with the Queen and her advisers — drain of money, waste of human life, perplexity and uncertainty, while half of Ireland was in arms, and Spain, as was believed, was hovering on the sea.

It must be kept in mind that, in 1596, it was known to the Queen and her advisers that Spain was preparing for an invasion of her realm. An expedition of 130 sail, with 14,000 troops on board, was despatched, by the advice of Lord Howard of Effingham, to strike a blow in their own ports against the preparations of the Spaniards. Lord Howard himself had command of the English fleet, and the Earl of Essex of the army. They sailed into the harbour of Cadiz, smote and rendered useless the Spanish shipping there, captured and destroyed the town, receiving 120,000 crowns from the citizens in ransom for their lives ; inflicting "the severest blow on Spain that it had received for generations." The sullen King, in the grim seclusion of the Escorial, set himself to plot revenge. He was possessed, besides, with the ambition to seat his daughter, the Infanta, on the throne of England ; thinking, doubtless, that she had a hereditary claim thereto as a descendant of Edward III. through his son,

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John of Gaunt. In this audacious scheme he was encouraged by a band of English Jesuits—men of a class still to be reckoned with in the destinies of England! Of all this Elizabeth and her Council seem to have been fully aware, for in July 1597 a second expedition sailed, under Essex—whose splendid achievements in the preceding undertaking had won for him widespread fame—to deal another blow at the armaments of Spain. And all this was taking place while revolt in Ireland raised its head in fierce defiance of the Queen, and proofs abundant came to hand that Tyrone and his associates were plotting with her foreign foes.

CHAPTER X

IN May 1597 Lord Borough replaced Sir William Russell in the Viceroyalty of Ireland. In July he was ready to take the field against Tyrone, and issued orders to Sir Conyers Clifford to occupy O'Donnel by invading Tyrconnel from the West.

Since we parted with Red Hugh O'Donnel in the preceding year, he had not been simply reposing on his laurels in his paternal halls. He had made an incursion into Connaught, with consequences somewhat memorable in the annals of that province. Certain gentlemen of the West had transferred their support from the cause of Old Ireland to the Queen, and the indignant O'Donnel determined to be avenged. Sweeping as a whirlwind across the devoted country, he captured Athenry, plundered the pastures of Clanrickarde, and carried desolation to the gates of Galway. He smote O'Connor Sligo, the original instigator to disaffection, who threw himself across his way, as eager, probably, to wrest the captured cattle from O'Donnel's spears as to strike in the service of the Queen.

On July the 25th, Clifford raised his standard at

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Boyle. He was joined by many of the western chiefs and Anglo-Irish barons ; and when he put his troops in motion he was at the head of twenty-two regiments of foot and ten of cavalry.

The impetuous O'Donnel had no intention to await the onset in the fastnesses of his rugged country. It was not in accordance with his nature to dodge his foes among thickets and ravines. He loved the headlong rush to the wild clamour of the war-cry, with axe and brand gleaming in the sunbeams. So he was upon them, to dispute the passage of the river Erne and bar the way to Tyrconnel.

It was a fierce encounter. The memories of a thousand years impelled the Celtic swordsman to strike for the glory of his race, while the mere love of conflict gave vigour to his arm—more, perhaps, than love of country or enthusiasm for the faith. But in the ranks of his opponents there were men endowed with the stern tenacity characteristic of the Saxon—a foe that had often smitten to the dust the chivalry of France, a race beginning then to claim for England the empire of the seas. And here the Queen's battalions forced their way across the stream, and continued their march to Tyrconnel.

Strengthened by the arrival of heavy ordnance, sent round by sea from Dublin, Clifford laid siege to the castle of Ballyshannon, held by a small force of Irish and Spaniards, under a Scot named

Crawford. For several days the siege continued, and Clifford's guns kept up a heavy fire on the gallant little keep. Attempts were made to sap the walls, but the defenders of the fortress hurled from the ramparts, with considerable effect, beams of wood and stones upon their assailants. Gathering to the relief of the beleaguered keep, the Irish, under O'Donnel, assailed the enemy vigorously, and so severe was the assault that Clifford, in the grey light of an autumn morning, withdrew, and fell back upon Athlone.

Soon after this unfortunate reverse to the English arms, the Lord Deputy advanced against Tyrone, who had invested the royal fort at the Blackwater. Fortune at first was with the Viceroy, for he drove back Tyrone, revictualled the fort, and strengthened the garrison. At a ford across the stream, however, a place at present spanned by the bridge of Battleford, the royal troops, taken at disadvantage, were forced to retire before the impetuous onset of the Irishry. Among the victims in this disastrous affair, on the English side, were the Earl of Kildare, who died at Drogheda, and the Lord Deputy, who was so severely wounded that he died in a litter during the retreat—according to some, at Newry.

It seemed as if disaster had begun to follow, as an evil fate, every effort of the Queen to retain her hold on Ireland. Had conquest leagued itself

with the banner of revolt? Had the race so oft victorious on many a hard-fought field lost its cunning in the art of war? Or do we find an explanation in the criminal proceedings of men in the service of the Queen? In her instructions to the Earl of Essex, appointed Lord Lieutenant in 1599, Elizabeth observed that false returns were usually made of the number of men of English race serving in her pay in Ireland, and that the army had been recruited with Irishry, "in such sort as commonly the third person in any one band hath not been English, and the Irish have run away with their arms to the traitor." Hence, she said, the rebels had been enabled to withstand her troops, and capture her fortresses, a state of things unknown in former days.¹ Are we justified in assuming that all this had a close connection with the disasters that befell the English arms at the period under consideration? Men with Irish hearts were scarcely likely to inflict disgrace upon their country with English arms. Few would die for an alien and a "heretic" in conflict with their friends!

Notwithstanding all that had taken place, negotiations were again opened with Tyrone in March 1598, and the result was submitted to the Queen. Although the Earl had refused to comply with all her stipulations she made up her mind to pardon him, little as he deserved the royal clemency.

¹ Calendar, Carew MSS., 1589-1600, p. 293.

"These hollow concessions, however," says Haverty,¹ "came too late. O'Neill believed that the opportunity had arrived to obtain infinitely more—the liberation of his country itself. He expected the long-promised succour from Spain; the national cause was progressing favourably at home, and he dreaded lest further delay should cool the ardour of the Irish chieftains. He therefore broke off the negotiations, and rejected the offered pardon by avoiding the messenger who was sent to convey it to him."

By the light thus shed on his proceedings, and by a reference to some of his professions of loyalty to his sovereign, we obtain a fairly accurate conception of the character of this remarkable man. In one of his conferences with Elizabeth's representatives at Dundalk, he said he had come, as in duty bound, to meet her Majesty's Commissioners, and to show his desire to remain a dutiful subject; and he alleged injustice done to him as the cause of his treasonable practices. The Commissioners reminded him of the gentle treatment he had received. True, he said, and he deplored it; and with "show of great remorse," he confessed his faults. Never, he declared, was there prince nor other creature whom he honoured as he did the Queen; never people whom he loved better than he did the English. If the Queen would but accept

¹ "History of Ireland," p. 461.

him as her subject, and prevent the re-infliction of the wrongs which had driven him into disloyal ways, he would give, by his services, full assurance of his loyalty.

The conference was held across a stream, and Tyrone asked permission to go over to the side on which the Commissioners stood, "in token of his faithful heart to her Majesty ;" which being allowed, he went over, "and hat in hand, lifting up his eyes to heaven, desired God to take vengeance on him if (her Majesty vouchsafing to make him a subject, and to cause the articles of Dundalk to be kept with him) he would not continue faithful."¹

The struggle was now to be continued to the bitter end. The Irish chiefs, to use the words of the Four Masters,² "had rekindled the ancient flame of hatred" to the English name.

"In the month of June 1598," says Magee,³ "the Council at Dublin were in a state of fearful perplexity. O'Neill, two days after the expiration of the truce, invested the fort of the Blackwater" once again, "and seemed resolved to reduce it, if not by force, by famine. O'Donnel, as usual, was operating on the side of Connaught, where he had brought back O'Ruarc, O'Connor Sligo, and M'Dermot to the Confederacy, from which they had been for a season estranged. Tyrrell and O'Moore, leading

¹ Fynes Moryson.

² "History of the Kingdom of Ireland."

³ "History of Ireland," vol. ii. p. 44.

spirits in the midland counties, were ravaging Ormond's palatinate of Tipperary almost without opposition"—that nobleman, then Lord Lieutenant, being peculiarly obnoxious, of course, to the Irish. "An English reinforcement, debarked at Dungarvan, was attacked on its march towards Dublin, and lost 400 men. In this emergency, before which even the iron nerve of Ormond quailed, the Council took the resolution of ordering one moiety, under Ormond, to march south against Tyrrell and O'Moore; the other, under Marshal Bagenall, to proceed northward to the relief of the Blackwater fort."

At the head of a force of over 4000 men, Bagenall advanced towards Armagh, which he reached on the 13th of August. On the following day he pushed on towards the fort on the Blackwater. In his ranks were veterans who had learned their trade campaigning on the Continent. Before him lay Tyrone and O'Donnel, with the wild swordsmen of the North, inured to conflict on many a field, together with the fierce Scots of Antrim, under M'Donnell. In numbers they exceeded slightly the forces of the Crown.

The battle of the Yellow Ford, fought on the 14th of August, is one of the most notable in the long struggle for independence, in which the Celtic usages and laws passed away for ever. It took place on the banks of the Callan water, a little to the north

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of the city of Armagh. To secure his position, Tyrone dug a trench, which he hid with branches covered with sods. Throwing out a body of 500 kerns, to secure a pass through which the royal forces would advance, he awaited the onset.

Meanwhile the Irish chiefs applied themselves to fire the temper of their men, by every suggestion their knowledge of Celtic nature and their ingenuity could devise. They dwelt on the consequences of defeat. Victory alone could save them from the vengeance of an unsparing hand. There were fetters for the captives ; banishment to beyond the sea for such as might escape from death on the field of battle. It was easier to defend their tribal lands with the sword "against this foreign people" than to take the lands of other tribes when they had been driven from their own.¹ And Feerfeasa O'Clery, the bard of Tyrconnel, recounted an ancient prophecy "that at a place called the Yellow Ford the foreigner would be defeated by a Hugh O'Neill."² It was dawn when the English drums sounded the advance, and in the sweet, stilly morning, with all the pomp and circumstance of war, the forces of the Queen marched out to the work of death. Their way was flanked on either hand with fens and woods. There lay the watchful foe, who soon assailed them vigorously. It was not the Saxon's habit to falter in a shower of lead, and

¹ "Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland."

² Haverly.

so he forced his way, and carried the first line of Tyrone's entrenchments. On an eminence beyond they were assailed by the Irish furiously, and driven back across the lines they had already captured. Bagenall, who conducted himself with unquestionable heroism, led up a regiment in support, and recrossed the trench. Meanwhile his artillery had poured a warm, but in the end ineffectual, fire on the Irish ranks. Unfortunately, too, a spark from a soldier's matchlock exploded a powder cask among the English ammunition. Other barrels caught fire, and, besides the loss thus sustained, serious loss of life was occasioned by the catastrophe. Then disaster followed disaster. Bagenall, raising his visor, fell dead by the stroke of a bullet in the forehead. Severely handled all along the line, and deprived of the assistance of the supporting columns—placed too far apart from them, and having themselves, apparently, become engaged with a detachment of the enemy—the English troops gave way. O'Reilly, who fought under the English flag, and was known as "the Queen's O'Reilly," endeavoured to rally them, but in vain, and at length the shattered columns found shelter behind the ramparts of Armagh. In this disastrous discomfiture, the Irish—to use the quaint phraseology of the Four Masters, naturally exulting in the triumph of their countrymen—"continued to subdue, surround, slay, and slaughter them, by

pairs, threes, scores, and thirties, until they passed inside the walls of Armagh."

On the English side the loss was very heavy—viz., besides Bagenall and twenty-three officers, 855 of the rank and file were slain. The wounded amounted to only 363, but twelve stands of colours appear to have fallen into the hands of the enemy. The loss in killed on the Irish side is said to have been only about 200, with some 600 wounded. We have said that Bagenall's disposition of his forces was defective, and with reference to that unfortunate error, Ormond wrote to Cecil: "Suer the devill bewiched them, that none of them did prevent this grose error!"¹ A party of Irish, too, serving under the Crown, went over in a body to the enemy—"ready," as the Queen observed, "to turn our own arms against our own armies," referring doubtless to that disastrous day.²

The confederates immediately laid siege to Armagh. The town was badly provisioned, and the English leaders made up their minds to capitulate. They proposed to surrender to the Irish the fort on the Blackwater, on condition that the garrison should have free passage to Armagh; and they offered to evacuate that town, if their troops were permitted to pass unmolested to the Pale.

¹ Haverty's "History of Ireland," p. 465, *note*.

² "The Queen to the Lords Justices and Council," Calendar, Carew MSS., 1589-1600, p. 284.

The Irish chiefs demanded surrender of the English baggage, arms, and ammunition, with the exception of those belonging to the officers. This stipulation was agreed to, and the evacuation began, bringing to a close one of the most unfortunate campaigns undertaken by the forces of the Crown in the long conflict with the rebellious chieftains of the North.

CHAPTER XI

WE shall turn for a moment to occurrences abroad. Philip II. had died in September 1598, and Philip III. reigned in his stead. He, too, was a champion of the Church of Rome, eager to extend at once the authority of the Papacy and of Spain. To him, as to his father, the English Queen was obnoxious as a heretic and the head of a heretical State, and to wrest from her grasp her Irish realm would be an achievement worthy of the Catholic King. Hence he made known to the rebellious chiefs in Ulster his intention to interpose in their behalf. Regardless of the fate of the two preceding Armadas, again the fleets of Spain prepared for action, and England once more was menaced on the sea.

While thus the clouds were gathering, and all the signs gave tokens of a coming storm, the Earl of Essex arrived in Ireland as Lord Lieutenant in March 1599. His powers were ample; at his disposal was a force of 18,000 men, and pecuniary resources to the amount of £340,000, three-fourths of the entire annual revenue of the Crown. Scarcely had he landed in the distressful isle when he began

to experience the evil fate that seemed to pursue with unrelenting purpose Elizabeth's representatives in Ireland. His men began to desert. Disease, induced by unsuitable provisions, wasted his ranks. And when at length he took the field against the rebels in the North, he had at his disposal only 6000 men, including a reinforcement of 2000 fresh troops from England.

Early in September, Essex and Tyrone confronted one another in the County Louth. With the Lord Lieutenant were 2500 foot and 300 horse. Tyrone was at the head of 5000 foot and 700 horse. But notwithstanding his superiority in numbers, the Irish chief was not in haste to measure swords with his opponents. Instead, he had recourse to his usual policy of negotiation, and proposed to Essex to meet with him for that purpose. After some preliminary parleying, the two leaders met on the 7th at a stream, into which the northern chief advanced till the water had reached nearly to his saddle girths, while Essex sat on horseback on the opposite bank. They were alone and conversed for half-an-hour while, there is reason to believe, some mysterious intimation was made to Essex by the wily chief. In a paper written by Essex on the 3rd of October following, in answer to certain articles to which he was required to reply, he observes, with regard to certain stipulations made by Tyrone: "But all on condition that I procured

him that secret and inward satisfaction from her Majesty which I have heretofore signified. . . ."¹

"With all the art, for which he was distinguished, he played upon his knowledge of the Earl's character," generous and impulsive; "he named those enemies of his own whom he also knew to be hostile to Essex, he showed his provocations in the strongest light, and declared his readiness to submit to her Majesty, on condition of obtaining complete liberty of conscience, an act of indemnity, to include his allies in all the four provinces, that the principal officers of State, the judges, and one half the army should in future be Irish by birth. This was, in effect, a demand for national independence, though the Lord Lieutenant may not have seen it in that light."² On the 8th a final conference took place. "In this parley was concluded a cessation of arms for six weeks, and so to continue, from six weeks to six weeks, till May Day, or to be broken on fourteen days' warning. . . . This being concluded on the 8th day of September, on the 9th the Lord Lieutenant dispersed his army, and went himself to Tredagh (Drogheda), and Tyrone returned with all his forces into the heart of his country."³

All had thus been satisfactory to Tyrone. He had hoodwinked the Lord Lieutenant with feigned

¹ Calendar, Carew MSS., 1589-1600, p. 336.

² Magee's "History of Ireland," vol. ii. p. 50.

³ Calendar, Carew MSS., p. 325.

professions; he had obtained a respite from hostilities in expectation of help from Spain—so, at least, we read between the lines.

But the Queen was not disposed to regard the Lord Lieutenant's proceedings with equanimity. She had had enough of conferences, and was distrustful of their results. She had had enough of Tyrone's professions. She had raised him from the dust, as she had said, and he had repaid her with sedition, and shown the depth of his gratitude by conspiring with her deadly enemies against her Crown! On the 17th of September she wrote to the Lord Lieutenant: "It remaineth, therefore, that we return you somewhat of our conceipts upon this late accident of your interview with the rebels.

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It appeareth to us by your journal that you and the traitor spake together half-an-hour alone, and without anybody's hearing; wherein though we that trust you with our kingdom are far from mistrusting you with a traitor, yet, both for comeliness, example, and for your own discharge, we marvel that you would carry it no better. . . . To trust this traitor upon oath is to trust a devil upon his religion. To trust him upon pledges is a mere illusory, for what piety is there among them, that can tie them to rule of honesty for itself, who are only bound by their own sensualities, and respect only private utility. And, therefore, whatsoever

order you shall take with him of laying aside of arms, banishment of strangers" (probably with an eye to emissaries from abroad), "recognition of superiority to us . . . yet unless he yield to have garrisons planted in his own country to master him, to deliver O'Nealle's sons, whereof the detaining is most dishonourable, and to come over to us personally here, we shall doubt you do but piece up a hollow peace, and so the end prove worse than the beginning."¹

And so 1599 passed away, and Ireland was still in the throes of revolution. A century was at hand in which a mighty transformation was to pass upon the state of Ireland. Ancient institutions and customs were about to give place to the customs and institutions of another race than the Celtic. It was to be a century of transition, and pregnant with events of the utmost moment to Ireland and the Empire.

Meanwhile the influences that impelled the Irish chiefs to battle for their freedom lost nothing of their strength as the conflict neared its end. Elated by the success of the Irish arms, and stimulated by renewed assurances from Spain, Tyrone appeared to deem the summit of his ambition near. Already, in anticipation of a splendid consummation, he held his haughty crest as became a prince returning to his rights. "O'Neill's position was now, in some

¹ Calendar, Carew MSS., p. 325.

respects, that of an uncrowned King of Ireland. The fame of his victory at the Blackwater had spread throughout the Continent, and had given the best contradiction to the false reports industriously circulated by the English Government, of the total subjugation of the Irish. Mathew Oviedo, a Spaniard, who had been named Archbishop by the Pope, brought from the Holy Father indulgences to all those who had fought for the Catholic faith in Ireland, and to O'Neill himself a crown of phoenix feathers; while from Philip III., who had succeeded Philip II. as King of Spain in 1598, he brought a sum of 24,000 golden pieces to pay the Irish soldiers."¹

Early in 1600 the Earl of Tyrone proceeded on a progress throughout the island, to attach by his personal influence, or by the cogent argument of the sword, waverers and recusants to the cause of Ireland. To enforce his will, and doubtless to give a due impression of the consequence of O'Neill, he took along with him a force of 3000 men. In Westmeath he compelled Lord Delvin and Sir Theobald Dillon to attach themselves to the confederacy, of which he was the head. At Thurles he remembered what became him as the champion of the Church, and paid becoming reverence to "the relic of the Holy Cross." Already, assuming the prerogative of Royalty, he had conferred the

¹ Haverty's "History of Ireland," p. 474.

title of Earl of Desmond on one of the Geraldines, an assumption of authority which was evidently regarded by the quick-witted people as just a little premature; so they slyly dubbed the newly-made nobleman "the sugan¹ Earl." Grateful, however, for the favour, the sugan Earl joined the standard of his benefactor.

At Inniscarra, in the neighbourhood of Cork, Tyrone pitched his camp, and there he received the allegiance to the Irish cause of many magnates of the South. News, however, came that seems to have carried something akin to consternation into the councils of the rebels. A new Lord Deputy had been appointed, a man of distinguished qualities, in the prime of life, of unquestionable courage, just the man to cope with such a state of things as then played havoc with the welfare of Ireland. This was Blount, Lord Mountjoy, "one of a class of soldier-statesmen peculiar to the second half of Elizabeth's reign."² There was little time for Tyrone to lord it in the South, or to play the prince with sugan earls. So he hastened back to his stronghold and source of operations in the North.

¹ "Sugan (soogawn) is a rope made of a wisp of hay or straw, by giving it a turning movement with the point of a reaping-hook, or even with the thumb of the right hand, while the left is regulating the feed or supply of straw for the operation." The sugan is rarely preserved, after first use it is worthless.

² Magee.

It was high time for the northern chiefs to look to their base of operations, for a strong English force, under Sir Henry Docwra, was destined to establish itself along the line of the Foyle, notably at Derry.¹ Scarcely had Docwra made good his footing on the Foyle, when his banner was joined by allies from among the Irish. O'Donnel, about to set out on one of his patriotic and plundering expeditions in the western parts, left as his lieutenant in the North his kinsman, Niall Garv O'Donnel. But Niall had other schemes in his

¹ At the end of the reign of Elizabeth, Ulster was exposed to inroads by the Scots, who might be induced to confederate with O'Neill and O'Donnel. To repel invasion as well as to repress revolt, the Lord Deputy, Mountjoy, despatched by sea a force of four thousand men to Lough Foyle, under Sir Henry Docwra. They constructed a fort on the southern bank of the river Foyle, about four miles above the city of Derry, and in the territory of the Earl of Tyrone; they built a fortress at Culmore, part of which—a square tower—may still be seen on the shore, where the river Foyle pours through a narrow outlet its waters into the Lough. And most notable of all, they took possession of the island of Derry, felled its woods, erected quarters for the troops, and surrounded them with ramparts—it was the beginning of the famous city of the Siege!

While all this was taking place, Hugh Roe O'Donnel, who had been waging ceaseless war upon the English in other parts, hovered as an eagle around the ramparts rising by the Foyle. He saw, with feelings such as we can imagine, the Saxon establishing himself on the shores of old Tyrconnel; and the fiery Celt longed to measure swords on open ground with the invader. With wary eye to future possible contingencies, Docwra preferred to employ his men in strengthening his works, and in preparing suitable quarters against the inclemency of the coming winter—a foe more formidable than the Kern, or the horsemen of Tyrconnel. Despairing of drawing the cautious general from his stronghold, O'Donnel turned westward to settle his differences, in the way then in vogue, with some of the chiefs of Connaught.

head than those that occupied his chief, so he transferred his services, at the head of 1000 men, to the Queen. Other leaders in Tyrconnel moved in the same direction, "and O'Donnel was kept in constant motion by enemies on every side."

Meanwhile Tyrone was hindered from interfering with Docwra's proceedings, in establishing himself at Derry, by the operations of the Lord Lieutenant menacing him on his southern borders.

We must now approach the final act in this long and momentous struggle. "Now are we come to the siege of Kinsale, a place ordained wherein the honour and safety of Queen Elizabeth, the reputation of the English nation, the cause of religion, and the Crown of Ireland must be by arms disputed; for upon the success of this siege these great and important consequences depend; and here the malice of Rome and Spain (if they had prevailed) would not have ceased, for their purpose did extend itself (Ireland having been conquered) to make it their bridge to have invaded England, the conquest and ruin whereof was the main mark whereat they aimed."¹

¹ *Pacata Hibernia.*

"It is said that Tyrone entertained an expectation that when England had been subdued by the arms of Spain and Ireland, he should receive as his own reward a gift of an English shire."—*Carew MSS.*

Dixon tells us in his "Life of Bacon" that Irish forces were to aid the Earl of Essex in a contemplated enterprise by which he hoped to seat himself on the English throne. Tyrone was to be Viceroy of Ireland. The Roman Catholic Church was to be restored to its original

In September 1601 a Spanish force of 3400 men, under the command of Don Juan del Aguila, landed at Kinsale, which they occupied, as well as the forts Rincorran and Castle-ni-Park, on opposite sides of the harbour.

The disaffected of the South were slow at first to move. Measures taken by Carew, the President of Munster, had given them a salutary hint to put restraint on their inclinations.

Aguila, doubtless sorely disappointed, looked wistfully to the North, and sent intelligence of his need of succour to the northern chiefs.

Meanwhile Kinsale was environed by a force of 15,000 men, English and Anglo-Irish, under Lord Mountjoy; and a fleet of ten sail, flying the flag of England, drove the Spaniards from Rincorran and Castle-ni-Park, and blockaded the town.

On the 7th of December, intelligence reached Mountjoy that O'Donnel and Tyrone were marching southward. It was known that O'Donnel was in advance of Tyrone, and the President of Munster was sent out with a detachment to intercept him. Carew came up with the Irish at Armidale, in Tipperary, and found them strongly encamped in the midst of a morass. Notwithstanding his strong position, the northern chief, taken at a disadvantage,

position. The Roman Catholics in England were "to enjoy on the Thames, not alone freedom of conscience, but street processions of the host, and public performance of the Mass." His authorities are the Four Masters, and Blount's Confessions.—*State Trials*, i., 1415.

found that he must either force his way to Kinsale through the English ranks, elude the vigilance of his foes, or remain in his position till starvation forced him to surrender. Affairs were very threatening to O'Donnel. By a battle in the open field his numbers might be seriously reduced, at a time when every man was needed. To escape, he must thread his way through a labyrinth of hills, and recent rains had made the way impassable. To a chief so impulsive as O'Donnel, the third alternative was unquestionably intolerable. It was a sore dilemma !

But the Irish climate is fickle. It weeps and smiles, as Erin's daughters beaming through their tears. Swiftly as resentment takes possession of her generous sons, the iron grip of winter takes possession of her soil. It was so among the hills of Munster. Rain gave place to frost, and moorland and morass were solid marching-ground. O'Donnel's time had come. In the shades of night the Irish host crept out. The English sentry paced his beat, unconscious that any one was stirring. The dark curtains of the night closed in behind the swordsmen of Tyrconnel, and when they paused to rest thirty-two miles lay betwixt them and Carew.

The way they took was strangely circuitous, and carried them to Castlehaven. There they fell in with a body of 700 Spaniards, 200 of whom accompanied the Irish to Kinsale, while the rest

took up their quarters at Castlehaven, Baltimore, and Dunboy.

The news that the Irish of the North were in the field emboldened the disaffected of the South to draw the sword, so they rose to the assistance of the defenders of Kinsale.

Desirous to bring the conflict to an issue, Aguila requested the Irish chiefs to co-operate with him in bringing on a general engagement. A council of war was held in the Irish camp. The Earl of Tyrone was not disposed to take immediate action, and argued that by delay time would be on their side; that provisions would fail in the English camp, and that Mountjoy must needs fall back from before Kinsale. Hugh Roe O'Donnel urged for immediate action; this view commended itself to the council, and it was decided that the attack should be made. In the shades of night the Irish issued from their camp, Aguila holding his men in readiness to co-operate from the fortress. The Irish advanced in three divisions. One was led by Tyrone. Under O'Donnel were the clansmen of Tyrconnel and the contingents from Connaught. The third comprised the Munster men and Spaniards. In the fancy of the sanguine Celts victory was assured. Exulting in anticipated triumph, and in the rude awakening they should give the sleeping foe, the clansmen marched with buoyant step.

It was a pitch-dark night. Now and again

lightning gleamed across the sky, flashed on their arms, and showed in ghastly hue the faces of the men, inflamed with the fierce excitement of the conflict. It was a weird and dismal march in a night when nature itself seemed conscious that the fate of an ancient race was near.

Onward, but the way was intolerably long. There was no appearance of the foe, and the clansmen had been long enough on foot to carry them to the English lines. Onward, and onward still, but the foemen seemed to be endued with invisible attire by the evil genius of Ireland. The eastern sky began to brighten. Stealthily the gentle dawn crept on. Day came down the hills, driving off the mist, and showed the draggled, jaded men, still struggling in that interminable march, for their guides had lost their way! It showed, besides, suddenly, to the detachment under Tyrone, for the Earl was in advance, the enemy it was their mission to surprise, drawn up in line of battle and calmly awaiting the onset.

Completely taken by surprise, Tyrone fell back, under cover of a sudden storm, and took up a position behind a stream and a bog.

Detaching a division to draw off the Spaniards in Kinsale, Mountjoy assailed Tyrone. Weary and dejected, the Irish were in no condition to measure swords with men fresh and eager for the conflict, and so they wavered, broke, and fled. Love of

country was forgotten for the moment in the wild race for life. The panic spread. In vain O'Donnel tried to rally O'Neill's broken ranks, and he was doomed to see the clansmen of Tyrconnel follow in the flight.

The men of Munster, with the Spaniards, still stood firm. But all in vain. It was the hour of doom. Before the impetuous onset of Mountjoy the men of Munster fled; but the Spaniards held their ground, with no stimulus of patriotism on the stranger's soil, but zealous for the honour of the flag of Spain. Most of them were slain; the rest gave up their swords, and went into honourable captivity.

After the battle, Mountjoy drew up his men upon the field and gave thanks to God for victory.

Aguila then capitulated on condition that his men and he should be allowed to return to Spain.

At the battle of Kinsale the Celtic sword was broken; in the cold light of that December morning the Celtic period of Old Ireland passed away for ever.

CHAPTER XII

SCARCELY had the din of conflict died away when Hugh Roe O'Donnel took ship for Spain to implore the Catholic King to hold out once more a succouring hand to Ireland. A swift and prosperous trip carried him to the Spanish shore; and so cordial was the welcome he received, that high hopes of success in his mission must have shone with cheering beams on the darkened lot of Erin. By the direction of the King, he was entertained by the Earl of Caragena as if he had come encircled with the laurels of a conqueror. When he took his way to Zamora, in Castile, where Philip then held his court, his empty purse was replenished with a thousand ducats. Prelates accorded him the sympathy of the Church. He was the hero of the hour. Every one was eager to show respect to the man whose sword had been wielded on the side of Spain and the cause she championed.

At Zamora he had an audience of the King. Falling on his knees, he paid to Philip homage such as a subject gives his sovereign, and then he pled the cause of Ireland.

Nor was the Celtic chief forgetful of the interests of the house of O'Donnel. If the King should be graciously pleased to sustain once more the cause of suffering Ireland, might his servants be assured that if victory should crown his Majesty Lord Paramount of Erin, he would "never place any of the nobles of his (O'Donnel's) blood in power or authority over him or his successors."¹ Would the King be graciously pleased "not to lessen or diminish on himself or his successors for ever the right of his ancestors in any place where his ancestors had power and sway before that time in Ireland."²

The King listened graciously. It is possible that he felt no very lively interest in the personal affairs of O'Donnel and his house. It is possible that if his own possession of the throne of the Emerald Isle had not been so problematical, caution would have modified beneficence. As it was, he freely promised as the ardent chief desired. But, to avoid further importunity, he requested the Irish chief to return to Corunna, where he had first set foot in Spain, and there await the embarkation of troops to be despatched to Ireland.

Months had crept away, but the armament for Ireland had not embarked. O'Donnel, chafing under the delay, at length set out once more to

¹ "Annals of the Four Masters." Hugh Roe was probably thinking of Neale Garve O'Donnel, his rival, and head of the elder branch of the family.

² Ibid.

supplicate the King to hasten on relief to the suffering isle. He had reached Simancas, but a hand of which he had taken no account placed a stern arrest upon his steps. On the 10th of September 1602, Hugh Roe O'Donnel closed his short but memorable career—according to Mr. Froude, by the hand of an assassin.¹

The remains of the ill-fated chief were conveyed for interment to Valladolid. Such honours were paid around his bier as became the memory of a brave man unfortunate, a prince and leader in his native land—whose more salient faults were the products of the age in which he lived, and the training he had received. The Four Masters thus bewail O'Donnel, in their "Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland": "His body was conveyed to the King's palace at Valladolid in a four-wheeled hearse, surrounded by countless numbers of the King's officers, council, and guards, with luminous torches and bright flambeaux of beautiful wax light burning on each side of him. He was afterwards interred in the Monastery of St. Francis. . . . Alas!

¹ Sir George Carew wrote to the Lord Deputy of Ireland: "O'Donnel is dead. The merchant that bringeth me the news I do trust; and I do think that it will fall out that he is poisoned by James Blake, of whom your lordship hath been formerly acquainted. At his coming into Spain he was suspected by O'Donnel, because he embarked at Cork; but afterwards he insinuated his access, and O'Donnel is dead. He never told the President in what manner he would kill him, but did assure him it should be effected." See Mr. Froude's "English in Ireland."

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the early eclipse of him who died here was mournful to many ; for he was the head of conference and counsel, of advice and consolation, of the greater number of the Irish, as well in peace as in war. He was a mighty and bounteous lord, with the authority of a prince to enforce the law ; a lion in strength and force . . . a dove in meekness and gentleness . . . to those who had not incurred his displeasure, and who submitted to his authority."

CHAPTER XIII

IN February 1602, one of the southern rebel leaders, Donall O'Sullivan Beare, took possession of the Castle of Dunboy, into which he put an Irish garrison of 143 men, to hold it for the Irish cause. Carew at the head of 3000 men advanced against Dunboy, and being joined by a strong contingent, under Sir Charles Wilmot, laid siege to it in June. After a desperate and bloody struggle, on the part of the garrison, the Castle fell into possession of the Crown. Small as was the victory in the reduction of Dunboy, it had, as we shall see, important and far-reaching consequences.

Meanwhile the northern chiefs had returned to Ulster. Rory O'Donnel, brother to Hugh Roe, had been appointed by that ill-fated chief commander of the men of Tyrconnel, and at their head he had led them northwards.

O'Neill sat down in Tyrone, his spirit reviving in hope of aid from Spain.¹

¹ Mr. Meehan observes: "Tyrone had good reason to count on Spanish aid, since Elizabeth's moral and material support was then maintaining rebellion in the Low Countries; and Philip, were he so disposed, might easily embarrass her Majesty by sending another

Determined to extinguish the revolt, Mountjoy advanced with a strong body of the royal troops and encamped beside the river Blackwater, in the present county of Tyrone. O'Neill, unwilling to encounter him, set fire to Dungannon and retired to Castle Roe, on the river Bann, in the territory of the sept of the O'Cahans, and near to the present town of Coleraine.

Meanwhile news of the fall of Dunboy had been carried to Spain, and Philip, strange as it may appear that an incident apparently so trivial should so affect his purpose, abandoned his preparations for another descent on the Irish shores. Discouraged doubtless by this intelligence, Tyrone abandoned Castle Roe, and repaired with five hundred of his followers to Glenconkeine, a wild region densely clothed with forest, in the southern part of what is now the county of Londonderry, inhabited by Celtic tribes, "which had their absolute dependence on Tyrone and his sept."

While these occurrences were taking place, the Queen was anxious to bring O'Neill to terms of surrender. Other Irish chiefs had already been accepted to clemency; Rory O'Donnel had been armament to the shores of Ulster. That the King was inclined to do so there can be no doubt; for Clement VIII., then reigning in the Vatican, pressed it upon his Majesty as a sacred duty which he owed his co-religionists in Ireland, whose efforts to free themselves from Elizabeth's tyranny the pontiff had pronounced to be a crusade against the most implacable heretic of the day." See "Fate and Fortunes of Tyrone and Tyrconnel," pp. 1-2.

forgiven, permitted to possess his ancient heritage; and afterwards raised to the earldom of Tyrconnel. Tyrone alone remained to make his peace once more with the offended Queen.

Elizabeth was not unwilling to receive submission even on the part of the incorrigible Earl. He had implored forgiveness, and she still was willing to hear him. She wrote accordingly to the Lord Deputy, instructing him to extend the royal favour to Tyrone, who, however, was to be reduced to the rank of a baron, and deprived of a part of his territory.

In consequence, the Lord Deputy issued the following proclamation: "Whereas upon the humble suit and submission of Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, and his penitent contrition for his former offences, by many messages and letters signified unto us, we have thought good to receive into her Majesty's most gracious protection his own person and such as shall come in his company, with safety to him and them, and the rest of his followers whatsoever (dwelling in the county of Tyrone, or now abiding with him), as well in their bodies as goods, for and during the space of three weeks, to the end he might repair unto us to let us more fully understand his humble petitions. These are streightly to charge and command all and every her Majesty's officers, Ministers, and subjects, to permit and suffer him and them peaceably to enjoy the benefit thereof without any restraint, molestation, or hostile

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act, against him or his, in their bodies or goods, during the time above limited, so as in the meantime he and they continue in good and dutiful behaviour toward her Majesty and this State. Given at Tredagh [Drogheda] the 24th of March 1602. To all commanders of horse and foot, and to all other her Majesty's officers and subjects to whom it may appertain."¹

To accomplish the object they had in view, Sir Garnet Moore, of Mellifont in Louth, was sent to Tullahogue, the residence of Tyrone, to arrange with him to meet the Lord Deputy in relation to his submission at Mellifont. In anticipation of this event, Mountjoy had ridden northward and taken up his quarters at Mellifont. There intelligence reached him that the Queen was dead.

This event occurred in an opportune moment, apparently, in the affairs of Ireland. The spirit of disaffection had not quite been exorcised, but smouldered as a half-extinguished fire, which might easily be fanned to vigorous life. Tyrone was still capable of mischief, and it was hard to tell how he might be influenced by the news that Elizabeth was no more. Mountjoy was in perplexity. If Elizabeth were dead, an arrangement with Tyrone on her authority would be of no effect. He had no authority from her successor to treat with the rebellious Earl. He had no assurance yet

¹ "History of Ireland from 1599-1603," by Fynes Moryson.

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that another reigned in her stead, and he feared lest he should incur the displeasure of the irascible old Queen by acting in the name of her successor while her hand still held the sceptre. In this dilemma he chose what appeared to be the least objectionable alternative, and determined to conceal the news of her demise, and to accept Tyrone's surrender on the authority he had received from Elizabeth.¹

In total ignorance of the rumour which had caused so much perplexity to Mountjoy, Tyrone alighted from his horse, on the 30th of March, at Mellifont. More than ever in his career, Tyrone must have chafed in submitting to a power which he had striven so long and so persistently to shake off.² The long-expected aid from Spain had come.

¹ Moryson's "History of Ireland."

² According to Mr. Meehan, one of the occurrences which induced O'Neill to surrender was the defection of his son-in-law, O'Cahan.

The O'Cahans were from ancient days feudatories of the O'Neills. When O'Cahan saw that no aid was to come from Spain to O'Neill, hiding in Glenconkeine, he bethought him to make peace for himself with the English Government. He applied to Sir Arthur Chichester, Governor of Carrickfergus, offering to abandon O'Neill, and to transfer his services to the Crown. Chichester "referred" him to Docwra. Docwra stipulated for the surrender to the Crown of certain lands between the rivers Faughan and the Foyle, together with ground for a garrison on the river Bann. To this O'Cahan consented. Tyrone sent some of his people to cress them on O'Cahan, who refused to support them, as he was no longer Tyrone's tenant, or Uriaght. Thereupon Docwra repaired to Dublin, and informed Mountjoy of the compact with O'Cahan; but the Lord Deputy took the part of Tyrone, who had been pardoned, with restored estates, and finally declared "that O'Cahan must and shall be under my Lord Tyrone."

Their united efforts had culminated in defeat. There was now little hope of foreign succour, which had modified his chagrin in making his submission in former days, to lull the pain of acknowledging before his conqueror the supremacy of England.

It was customary to kneel in the presence of the Lord Deputy on occasions such as this, and Tyrone went down upon his knees at the door of the apartment in which Mountjoy received him, to make his "penitent submission to her Majesty."¹ After he had remained for some time in that humiliating position, he was directed to approach nearer to the Lord Deputy. Advancing, he knelt again, feeling as he had never felt before the humiliation of a suppliant craving mercy of a power which he had done his utmost to overthrow.

On the following day Tyrone laid before the Lord Deputy and the Council a written act of submission. Once more he knelt, while a wondering throng of spectators looked with deepening interest on the man who had so long defied the arms of England.

On the 3rd of April, Mountjoy, accompanied by Tyrone, set out from Mellifont on his way to Dublin. At night they rested at Drogheda. On the 4th they continued their journey, and that day entered Dublin.

¹ Moryson's "History of Ireland."

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The 9th of April brought authentic intelligence to the Lord Deputy that the Queen was dead, and that James of Scotland reigned in her stead.

It was impossible any longer, and probably unnecessary, to keep the demise of the Crown a secret from Tyrone. When he was informed of that event a strange scene occurred, one of the most singular recorded in Irish history. This chief of rebels burst into tears. Every eye was bent on him. All men marvelled at a spectacle so strange—Tyrone in tears because the Queen he had so persistently opposed was dead! They might conjecture as they would—and we, too, may speculate as to the true cause of that astonishing outburst of emotion—but Tyrone, for aught I know, has carried it a secret to the grave.

In whatever light the fallen chieftain viewed the Queen's demise, he had no cause to regret the accession of her successor. His earldom was restored to him, with a large part of his territory. He was treated as a favoured subject rather than as a pardoned rebel. He was allowed to exercise martial law within his territory. He had stipulated in former days that no soldiers of the Queen should be quartered in his principality; it was accorded to him now that he and his people should be free from molestation on the part of the King's troops lying on his borders, and that no soldiers of the Crown should be stationed within his lands except

at Charlemont, and for a limited period at Armagh. He was commanded a little later to repair to London to wait upon the King ; and when he appeared in the royal presence was graciously received.

On Rory O'Donnell, brother to the ill-fated Hugh Roe, the King bestowed the whole principality of Tyrconnel, except the barony of Inishowen, and a small district in the neighbourhood of Londonderry. Nor was the royal favour exhausted by this gift of vast possessions, for on O'Donnell was conferred the title of Earl of Tyrconnel.

Thus, the great revolt had ended ; but Ireland's sword was broken, her banner was in the dust.

CHAPTER XIV

It was meet that James, on his accession to the throne of England, should inaugurate a reign of peace in unhappy Ireland. He was the descendant of her ancient kings. He might claim to rule her in the name of her royal line, ancient ere there was a Pope to claim the right to transfer her to a stranger, or a Norman king to enforce submission with the sword. When he took his seat on the coronation chair at Westminster he sat on the *Lia Fail*, the "Stone of Fate," that once at Tara served at the coronation of her kings; and he sat thereon as an heir in blood of the royal race of Erin. Hence, apart from every other reason, it was meet that James should be gracious in coming to his own. This may be looked upon as sentiment, but it is sentiment founded on indubitable facts.

The King's first measure in taking up the sovereignty of Ireland was reassuring. It was the promulgation of an "Act of Oblivion," by which "all offences against the Crown, and all particular trespasses between subject and subject, done at any time before his Majesty's reign were (to all

such as would come in to the Justices of Assize by a certain day, and claim the benefits of the Act) pardoned, remitted, and utterly extinguished, never to be revived or called in question.”¹

The Act of Oblivion was speedily followed with the extension of “the public Justice” to all parts of the island. In the reign of Henry VII. the authority of the Crown had so declined that it was scarcely felt beyond a district reaching from about the northern border of what is now the county of Wicklow to Dundalk, and extending inland about twenty miles. In the reign of Henry VIII. it began to re-assert itself. In the reign of Elizabeth the royal jurisdiction was asserted with a vigorous hand. But it was reserved for James to see the whole island accept the sway of England with absolute submission. Then, for the first time in two hundred years, judges administered the law in Munster and Connaught with the sovereign authority of England. Then, for the first time, judges held their courts in the dominions of the O'Donnells and O'Neills.

Of course the chieftains chafed, but all this was “sweet and most welcome to the common people.”² The humbler classes had been ground to the dust by exactions under the chiefs. Now they began to lift their heads, and with energy aroused by the

¹ “Historical Tracts,” by Sir John Davys, Attorney General in Ireland, *temp.* James I.

² Sir John Davys' “Historical Tracts.”

stimulus of hope, to tread their native soil with firmer foot. They were being taught by the new authority that was establishing itself in the land "that they were free subjects to the Kings of England, and not slaves and vassals to their pretended lords; that the cuttings, cosherings, cessings, and other extortions of their lords, were unlawful, and that they should not any more submit themselves thereunto, since they were now under the protection of so just and mighty a prince, as both would and could protect them from all wrongs and oppressions. . . ."¹

The chieftain no longer had the power to compel the clansmen to submit to grievous impositions. Care was taken by the Crown that, in the settlement of the land question of the day, while all that was properly due to the chieftain was reserved to him, all was secured to the tenant that properly was his right. In 1607 Sir John Davys wrote to the Earl of Salisbury: "But now, since his Majesty came to the Crown, two special commissions have been sent out of England, for the settling and quieting of all the possessions in Ireland: the one, for accepting surrenders of the Irish and degenerate English, and for re-granting estates unto them, according to the course of the common law; the other, for strengthening of defective titles. In the

¹ Sir John Davys. The exactions of which Davys complains were in practice while the Brehon, or ancient Irish laws, prevailed.

execution of which commissions there hath ever been had a special care to settle and secure the under-tenants ; to the end, there might be a repose and establishment of every subject's estate, lord and tenant, freeholder and farmer, throughout the kingdom." ¹

The salutary influence of these judicious measures was soon made manifest by the improvement which took place in the habits of the people. The keen intelligence of the Celt had discovered that English authority was the palladium of his liberty, and of his well-being ; and he took care that his children should learn the English language, that they might be able to defend their rights in the Courts of Law. He began to dress in accordance with the English mode. The kern cut off his glib, with which he used to disguise himself in the old predatory days. It was clear that with the new administration better times had come. Chieftains could no longer distress their clansmen and desolate the land by war. It was needful that this should be accomplished, that the weary land might rest and prosperity come as a consequence of peace. It was necessary to raise the down-trodden clansman from a state of bondage and of barbarism to the condition of a free subject of an Imperial Government, and of a

¹ "A discovery of the true cause why Ireland was never brought under obedience of the Crown of England." See "Historical Tracts," by Sir John Davys.

citizen of a well-ordered State. At that time, at least, the advisers of the Crown seemed to be aware that one of the needs of Ireland was just and steady government, and that equitable laws and firm administration would prove at length more efficacious than the sword. Many among the people seemed to have perceived, in this crisis in the country's destiny, the dawn of something like her Millennial rest. The Hibernian loves his own green sod, in the sunny vale beside the singing rivulet, or high upon the upland, cold and sluggish though it be, and swept by every wind. He loves his smoky hovel as prince or noble seldom loves his palace. As it is to-day, we may assume it was in the olden time. Hence, with the assurance that his home and land were to be secured possessions, a new joy filled his heart, and his vivid fancy glowed with brightening hopes for days to come.

CHAPTER XV

WHILE the people of Tyrconnel and Tyrone and other parts were testing by experience the agrarian arrangements introduced under James, occurrences were taking place in the north-east of Ulster which have left their mark on the northern province to the present time. Quietly and steadily a new race took possession of the land. They came in peace, and laid the foundation of that social fabric which has made the northern province so different from the rest of Ireland.

A very trivial incident led to this remarkable event.

On the hills of Castlereagh, overlooking what is now the city of Belfast, there lived an Irish chieftain, Con O'Neill. His habits were convivial, and on an occasion to which I am about to direct attention, he had invited a congenial party of friends and kinsmen to hold a "grand debauch" at his residence of Castlereagh.¹ It is likely that the hospitable chief, who seems to have been a careless and easy-going person, was not in the habit of taking very

¹ Montgomery MSS.

accurate account of the affairs of his establishment. The management was haphazard. On the occasion in question they had evidently neglected to examine the supplies in view of the possible capacity of the expected guests, and hence, while the revel sped, the wine ran low. Not to be outdone, Con sent off swift runners to Belfast for a supply of wine.

The kerns sped off to do their mission, and having procured the wine, set out to return to Castlereagh. It is said that they had partaken rather freely of the hospitality of Belfast, and as persons in that condition are liable sometimes to unpleasant consequences, they fell into difficulties which led, as we shall see, to very grave results.

There was then an English garrison in Belfast, and some of the soldiers happened to meet the kerns by the way. It is probable enough that neither Irishman nor Saxon was indisposed to have a scuffle; but in whatever way it came to pass, the Irishmen got a drubbing, and the Englishmen took the wine.

Con O'Neill was furious when the kerns returned with empty hands. There was the loss of the wine—which touched him very keenly; besides his dignity was hurt by the treatment his servants had received at the hands of the hated Sassenach! Calling his father's shade, and the shades of all his ancestors, to take note of his proceedings, he vowed that neither the offending kerns, nor any of their

posterity, should serve him or his to remotest generations, unless they made atonement by taking vengeance on the Sassenach.

Once more the kerns went forth, and fell in again with the soldiers. Once more there was a row, and with results more serious than in the preceding contest, for some of the combatants were slain. And subsequently the instigator of the affray, Con O'Neill himself, was charged with levying war upon the sovereign.¹

That was not an age when a charge so serious, although on the face of it absurd, might be treated with indifference; and Con suddenly found himself menaced with loss of lands, and possibly loss of life. It was an unpleasant ending to a convivial entertainment! The prison at Carrickfergus, to which he was soon consigned, contrasted somewhat chillingly with the banqueting-hall at Castlereagh.

Our narrative carries us to a place called Braidstane, in Ayrshire, the residence of a certain Hugh Montgomery, a scion of the house of Eglinton.

Prompted by ambition or necessity, the Laird of Braidstane was quietly in search of some way to increase his means. He had his eye on Ireland,

¹ It is difficult to determine whether this occurrence took place in the end of Elizabeth's reign, or in the reign of James I. The author of the Montgomery MSS., who lived in the last half of the seventeenth century, places it in the time of Elizabeth. The Rev. Andrew Stuart of Donaghadee, 1645-1676, quoted by Dr. Reid in his "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland," says it took place in the reign of James I.

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deeming it a field where enterprising gentlemen might win with little cost the gifts of fortune. Many an eye was turned to Ireland in those stirring times. The poor, sorely smitten isle was deemed legitimate prey, and the vultures were on the wing.¹

One day an Irish lady arrived at Braidstane in sore distress. She had come in hope that in the Laird of Braidstane she should find a friend who would aid her in her difficulties. She had heard from one Montgomery, who traded on the coast of Ulster, that the Laird was a person of influence to whom she might hopefully apply. And this mournful suppliant was the wife of the prisoner at Carrickfergus.

The cautious Laird of Braidstane heard her story with serene benevolence so long as it related solely to the personal interests of the ill-fated Con. An Irish gentleman in trouble was not an unusual spectacle. Irish gentlemen were often in distress. And Ayrshire gentlemen, like others, were not prone

¹ It is not improbable that Montgomery had received a quiet hint that there would soon be lands in Ireland to be bestowed on the King's faithful friends in the sister isle. He was one of those northern gentlemen who accompanied James on his progress to take possession of the English throne. "Among the Scottish lairds . . . who attended his Majesty to Westminster, he of Braidstane was not the least considerable, but made a figure more looked on than some of the lords' sons, and as valuable in account as the best of his own degree and estate in that journey."—*Montgomery MSS.*

"Foreseeing that Ireland must be the stage to act upon, it being unsettled, and many forfeited lands thereon altogether wasted," our laird made up his mind to push his fortune in that island.—*Ibid.*

to grieve immoderately over the afflictions of their neighbours. But the affair assumed another look when the lady proposed an arrangement by which Montgomery should receive, in reward for his services, two-thirds of the lands of Castlereagh if he should procure pardon for O'Neill. Montgomery became interested, we may say enthusiastic, in the cause of the afflicted Con. His heart had been softened as by the touch of a magician. We can fancy the gleam of interested animation that shone in the eyes of the thrifty Scot. O'Neill, we may be sure, had suddenly become an object of engrossing interest, his imprisonment unjust, the charge made against him frivolous and absurd. True to human nature, Montgomery felt his wrongs as if they were his own. The world takes off its hat to Dives in distress, and readily espouses his cause, but with commendable circumspection and innocuous enthusiasm. It turns away from Lazarus, often with a look undistinguishable from a sneer.

Montgomery was nothing loath to use what interest he possessed on behalf of Con O'Neill. "He was industriously minding his own affairs" (to use the words of his grandson, the author of the Montgomery Manuscripts) with his eye on Ireland, and O'Neill's misfortune was the Laird's opportunity. He was too astute, however, to undertake the accomplishment of O'Neill's acquittal without assurance that faith would be kept with

him by the other parties to the arrangement. He therefore stipulated that Con should be got out of prison, and brought over to Braidstane, where he should remain as a hostage for the due performance of his obligations.

The next step was the liberation of O'Neill, and with this design in view his wife returned to Ireland.

The rules of the prison at Carrickfergus were not so stringent as to prevent the lady of Castlereagh from having access to her imprisoned lord. She had leave to convey into his place of confinement clothes and other things that she might deem requisite to his comfort. On one occasion she brought a couple of cheeses, adroitly hollowed, so as to contain each a coil of rope. She brought him intelligence, besides, that a boat would be in waiting to convey him from the too hospitable shore of Carrickfergus so soon as he had succeeded in freeing himself from durance by means of the rope.¹

The Castle of Carrickfergus stands on a rock washed by the waters of the lough of Belfast. From its battlements the coast of Scotland is visible. Only a narrow channel intervenes between

¹ MS. by the Rev. Andrew Stewart of Donaghadee, 1645-71, quoted in Dr. Reid's "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland."

I have followed Mr. Stewart's account of the manner of O'Neill's escape from Carrickfergus, which differs somewhat from that given in the Montgomery MSS. ; but the difference is of no importance to my narrative.

Ulster and the shores of Wigtownshire. And Con O'Neill, as he scanned the Scottish land, so near, might well feel himself emboldened to risk his neck in an effort to escape.

One moonlight night a boat was seen from the prisoner's window, and he readily assumed that it came on his behalf. Stealthily he made fast his rope in preparation to escape. Then, and not perhaps without a shudder, he swung himself off. It was an outcome of his "grand debauch" at Castlereagh which he had not foreseen when he sent out his invitations to his guests. He had little time for thought, however, before his foot touched the rock beside the sea ; and then he was soon away on the free waters of the lough.

Landing at Bangor, on the shore of the county Down, he lay concealed in the steeple of a church until an opportunity came to embark for Scotland ; and finally he made his way to Braidstane.

At Braidstane "he was kindly entertained, and treated with a due deference to his birth and quality, and observed with great respect by the Laird's children and servants, they being taught so to behave themselves. In this place the said Con entered into indenture of articles of agreement, the tenor whereof was that the said Laird should entertaine and subsist him, the said Con, in quality of an Esq., and also his followers . . . ; should procure his pardon for all his and their crimes and trans-

gressions against the law (which indeed were not very heinous nor erroneous), . . . and the one-half of his estate . . . to be granted to himself by letters patent from the King ; to obtain for him that he might be admitted to kiss his Majesty's hand, and to have a general reception into favour ; all this to be at the proper expenses, cost and charges of the said Laird, who agreed and covenanted to the performance of the promises on his part. In consideration whereof, the said Con did agree, covenant, grant, and assign, by the said indenture, the other one half of all his land estate, to be and enure to the only use and behoof of the said Laird, his heirs and assigns. . . ."¹

All this having been arranged, Montgomery and his guest set out on their way to London in pursuance of the objects they had in view ; and in due time they reached their destination.

The King received them graciously. Montgomery was knighted, the timid King probably wincing a little while he applied the sword which was to transform the plain Laird of Braidstane into a belted knight. Instead of a reprimand for breaking prison, O'Neill received his pardon, was allowed to kiss the royal hand, and take what joy he might out of contact with the kingly fingers. Besides, his Majesty acquiesced in the proposed partition of the lands of Castlereagh and Clandeboy, in the

¹ Montgomery MSS.

counties of Down and Antrim, between Montgomery and O'Neill.¹

Having accomplished their self-imposed mission to London, Sir Hugh Montgomery and O'Neill returned to Braidstane; and soon afterwards they went to Ulster.²

¹ A proportion of these lands was subsequently withdrawn from Sir Hugh Montgomery and Con O'Neill, and granted to Mr. James Hamilton, who, it is said, had been a political agent of James in Dublin, before his accession to the throne of England. The way in which this came about is thus described in the Montgomery Manuscripts: "Now these affairs, as Con's escape and journey with Sir Hugh, and their errand, took time and wind at Court, notwithstanding their (and the said George's) * endeavours to conceal them from the prying courtiers (the busiest bodys in all the world in other men's matters, which may profit themselves), so that in the interim one Sir James Fullerton, a great favourite, who loved ready money, and to live in court, more than in the waste wildernesses of Ulster, and afterwards had got a patent clandestinely passed for some of Con's lands, made suggestions to the King that the lands granted to Sir Hugh and Con were vast territories, too large for two men of their degree, and might serve for three Lords' estates, and that his Majesty, who was already said to be over-hastily liberal, had been over-reached as to the quantity and value of the lands, and therefore begged his Majesty that Mr. James Hamilton, who had furnished himself for some years last past with intelligences from Dublin, very important to his Majesty, might be admitted to a third share of that which was intended to be granted to Sir Hugh and Con."

² The following quaint account of the reception given to Con O'Neill on his return to Castlereagh is taken from the Montgomery Manuscripts: "Con then returned home in triumph over his enemies (who thought to have had his life and estate), and was met by his friends, tenants, and followers, most of them on foot, the better sort on garrans (a work-horse or hack); some had pannels for saddles . . . and the greater part of the riders without them; and but very few

* Montgomery's brother, Mr. George Montgomery, was Dean of Norwich, and afterwards Bishop of Derry, Raphoe, and Clogher in Ireland, and subsequently of Meath, having resigned the other sees.

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spurs in the troop, yet instead thereof they might have thorn prickles in their brogue heels (as is usual), and perhaps not one of the concourse had a hat ; but the gentry (for sure) had on their done wosle barrads, the rest might have sorry scull caps, otherwise (in reverence and of necessity) went cheerfully pacing or trotting bare-headed. Con being so come in state (in Dublin equipage) to Castlereagh, where no doubt his vassals (tagg-ragg and bobtail) gave to their Teirne More, Squire Con, all the honours and homage they could bestow. . . ."

CHAPTER XVI

EARLY in summer 1606, a very lively interest in the affairs of Ulster began to possess the people of the Scottish shire of Ayr. Other parts of Scotland caught the infection of the hunger for Irish land which began to spread abroad. This was followed by a steady movement of enterprising persons towards the shores of Ireland.

By some of the cautious folk about Irvine or Kilwinning, this invasion of Ulster was regarded as a hazardous adventure. They had heard of wolves and wood-kerns, one as ferocious as the other; and it seemed to them that their friends and kindred were rushing into fearful peril in that wild Irish wilderness. There were people enough, notwithstanding—whose spirit of enterprise, or of greed, laughed at such suggestions—to people and replenish the fertile lands of Ards. And so they came—the pioneers of a settlement which was to shape in coming ages, in some degree at least, the destinies of Ireland.

Of the leading Scottish immigrants who came with the Laird of Braidstane into Ulster, some were

owners of broad lands in Scotland ; some of them had need to push their fortune, and although they might fail to procure estates, they would hold and till as tenants the fertile holms in a land that was only waiting for the plough. The Scotsman is sagacious, and knows that pride of birth is scarcely so conducive to his comfort as bawbees. He loves the home of his progenitors and the prestige of his race, but prefers to the husks of ancient memories a well-won competence under a roof-tree of his own.

The land in which the Scots were about to make their home was little better than a wilderness. War had done its desolating work. That part of Ireland seems to have been almost uninhabited.¹ There was scarcely a vestige of the handiwork of man. Houses there were none. Indeed, the tempests of a single winter were enough to sweep away the fragile hovels of the Irish kerns. At Newtownards there were the ruins of an ancient castle, and here and there a ruined church—ruined not by the lapse of ages, but by the ruthless hand of man.

Sir Hugh Montgomery took up his quarters in the dilapidated castle. Others found shelter in the remains of the churches, and in some old vaults

¹ In a publication entitled, "Tract by Sir Thomas Smith on the Colonisation of Ards in County Down," there are indications that even so long before the time referred to in the text as 1572, when this Tract was printed, the Ards was almost without inhabitants.

at Grey Abbey. A little later a ruinous Dominican Priory, founded in 1244, was repaired sufficiently to provide temporary accommodation for Lady Montgomery and her attendants. The artisans and others of humble station, who had accompanied the colonists, constructed shelter for themselves of sods and branches, roofed with thatch.

But the settlers were not the men who would remain long content with such rude accommodation as the country afforded on their arrival. Villages soon began to rise, and homesteads on the farms. Materials to build with were abundant. Slates and freestone lay beneath the sod. Trees of noble size offered the growth of ages to the axe. Limestone was at hand. Energy alone was wanted, and the energy was there—of the sort which has raised the noble city of Belfast beside the sluggish Lagan.

To no land remote had the planters come. From the shores of their adopted country the shores of their motherland were seen. When summer spread its verdure on the Scottish hills the colonists beheld it, and were glad. In the long days in summer, when winds were light and the waters calm, there was almost daily intercourse between the Scots in Ulster and their kindred beyond the sea. Farmers about Stranraer used to cross to Ulster with their grain or other produce, take horse at Donaghadee, ride to Newtownards, sell whatever they had to

dispose of, exchange civilities with their friends, and return to Wigtownshire to sup.

Very soon, however, the colony in Ards became self-supporting. The strength of will and wise intelligence peculiar to the Scot, his thrift and perseverance, would soon have made their mark on a much less fertile land than Ulster. The natural qualities of the soil, strengthened by long repose, readily responded to his toil, and hill and valley waved their golden grain, as if rejoicing, as they crowned the year. The humming of the water-mill was heard grinding the teeming grain. Looms went merrily, weaving into cloth, flax, and wool—but this was no new industry in Ireland. Ere England's flag waved on the towers of Dublin the Irish were expert in the manufacture of woollen fabrics. In the sixteenth century, so successfully did the Irish rival the manufacturers of England that restrictions were imposed on the trade of the less favoured isle—one of those judicious measures by which England has endeared herself to the subjugated race !

Encouraged by the abundant harvests of 1606 and 1607, immigrants from Scotland poured into Ulster, for already kindred hearts were there to bid them a kindly welcome. A richer soil than they had left in their native land lay ready for the plough, and men inclined to engage in commerce could purchase grain in Ulster and sell it in Scotland to advantage.

All went well with the settlers in the Ards. Peace made progress possible in all that made for the well-being of humanity. Jocund, they drove their teams afield. The matron, singing as she spun, the maiden in the harvest-field, rejoiced that feuds there were none between families and clans ; that the strife of former times was forgotten in the land of their adoption.¹ Nor had they left their faith behind them when they left their fatherland. They knew that religion is the foundation of society,² and they planted in the vales of Ulster the elevating creed that has helped so largely to produce the clear and vigorous intelligence of Scotland.

The colonisation of Ulster had begun, by a race which was destined to play an important part in the affairs of Ireland.

¹ Montgomery MSS.

² Burke.

CHAPTER XVII

MEANWHILE the Earls of Tyrconnel and Tyrone led an unpleasant life in the condition in which they had been placed by the measures which had been adopted by James and his advisers for the pacification of Ireland. They were simply subjects amenable to the laws of the realm, where The O'Donnel and The O'Neill were erewhile little less than independent sovereigns. They could no longer lead their clans to battle. They could no longer claim that might gave right to the possessions of their neighbours, nor crush their foes with relentless hand. They were merely private gentlemen, while every member of the clans could claim protection under the ægis of a power, long defied, now supreme. Revolt was hopeless now, for even if the clans had rallied at their call, an iron hand had fixed its grip upon the land. From Dundalk, the frontier fortress of the ancient Pale—and the rendezvous where the English forces gathered when an incursion into Ulster was on hand—to Londonderry, raising its frowning bulwarks on the Foyle; from Carrickfergus to Ballyshannon, the gleam of English

arms told that the day of the Celtic chiefs was past. Ancient forests had been felled, along the "Moyry Pass (truly the gate of Ulster) and the Few's Mountains,"¹ north-eastward of Dundalk, that the line of march of troops advancing into Ulster might be safe.² A fort had been built at Charlemont, and Charlemont commanded Dungannon, the principal residence of O'Neill. There was a fleet of boats on Lough Erne, which could operate along the western parts of Ulster. Throughout the province detachments of the soldiery of England held themselves in readiness for immediate action. If the northern earls had not been taught by experience in the past the folly of revolution, they

¹ Calendar of State Papers, James I., 1606-8. Preface.

² In the fighting times "Military expeditions coming northward invariably took the road leading from Dundalk through the level district of Cooley [the ancient Cualgne], to Carlingford, and thence along the southern shore of the lough to Newry. The coast, from the head of Dundalk Bay, is nearly all a sandy beach, left dry over a breadth of between one and two miles, and forming the edge or rim of a slowly sloping expanse of inland country. The upper or inland road from Dundalk northward lay along the Few's Mountains, 'a long march,' for the ancient territory of the Few's [now comprised in the two modern baronies of the same name] was seventeen miles in length. This mountain road was considered a dangerous one for English troops, as the adjoining woods afforded the amplest cover to the native Irish enemy. But the danger had been removed . . . in 1609, and principally by the energy of Mountjoy, who caused large fragments of the woods to be hewn down during the war with O'Neill, and a fort to be built at the celebrated Moyry Pass, then known as the gate to Ulster." ("Plantation of Ulster," by the Rev. George Hill.) He says that "the remains of this fort still crown the hill, at a little distance westward from the line" of railway from Dublin to Belfast. See "Plantation of Ulster," p. 155.

were given to understand, in a way too significant to be set at nought, that it was impossible to recover their independence by an appeal to arms.

Of course they chafed under these restrictions. The proud spirit of Tyrone revolted against an authority which taught him that he was no longer an independent potentate making war and peace at will. He could exact no longer tribute from his underlings, who under the protection of imperial law were as independent as himself. Curbed and mortified at every turn, he looked with jaundiced eyes on the whole state of things, and regarded, not perhaps altogether unjustifiably, the English officials by whom he was surrounded as designing persons intent upon his destruction. He felt that prying eyes kept watch upon his actions, and he complained that if he drank a full carouse of sack the Government was made aware of it almost before he had risen from table.

But troubles from another quarter soon gathered darkly about the unfortunate Earls of Tyrconnel and Tyrone. Suspicion, real or pretended, pointed to these discontented nobles as plotters engaged in another scheme to overthrow the Government. A letter was found at the door of the Privy Council Chamber in Dublin, informing the Government that treasonable projects were entertained by the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel. A whisper got abroad that active measures were about to be put in force

against the conspirators ; that Tyrone, who was about to proceed to London to have arranged, in the presence of the King, a dispute between himself and his son-in-law, O'Cahan, was to be seized and committed to the Tower ; and that Tyrconnel was to be arrested in Dublin on his way to Maynooth, the seat of his relative, the Earl of Kildare.

This intelligence drifted across to Flanders, where Tyrone's second son, Henry, commanded an Irish regiment in the Spanish service. A messenger was sent hot haste to Ireland to warn the Earls of their danger, and to tell them to hold themselves in readiness for the arrival of a vessel which would be sent to carry them to the Continent.¹

It was not an age in which intelligence so grave could be lightly regarded. Rulers had little scruple in adopting violent measures to accomplish their designs. There was little hesitation about having recourse to imprisonment and death. And, however it may have been with Tyrone, there is reason to believe that Tyrconnel was prompted by a feeling of justifiable apprehension to quit the shores of Ireland.

Some time before the period to which we have come, viz. 1607, thoughts of revolution seem to have occupied Tyrconnel. One day at Maynooth

¹ "Examination of Father Fitzgerald, a Franciscan Friar, taken October 3, 1607, at the Castle of Dublin."—*Calendar of State Papers, relating to Ireland, 1606-8*.

he divulged his traitorous schemes to a gentleman named Nugent, afterwards known as Lord Delvin. Tyrconnel deemed that Nugent would lend a sympathetic ear to his whispering of disaffection, for he had been once a prisoner in the Castle, and at the moment of their conference he was chagrined by the non-fulfilment of a promise which had been given him of certain lands in the county Longford. He told him that an insurrection was in contemplation, and that a part of the design was to seize the Castle, and the Deputy and Council.¹

Nugent saw the danger of an enterprise so desperate, and that without a foreign contingent at their back, any such design must end in failure. Tyrconnel took a more hopeful view, alleging that the country was ripe for revolution; that it was

¹ There is reason to believe that O'Donnel's statement was not very wide of the truth. Sir Geoffrey Fenton wrote to the Earl of Salisbury on the 14th of September 1606,* that discontent was apparent among the Irish people; that secret meetings were taking place, "not without suspicion to hold out underhand intelligence with Spain." There were whispers among the natives that a breach of good relations between Spain and England was imminent; and that consequently they were plotting to raise an insurrection in aid of Spain in the anticipated struggle with England. They looked with hope and confidence to the Irish soldiers serving under the Archduke Albert in the Netherlands, commanded by the second son of the Earl of Tyrone.

In the same month, 1606, Sir Arthur Chichester wrote to Lord Salisbury that he had discovered that secret interviews were being held between the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, Maguire, "a dangerous young fellow," and other Irish leaders, and that sundry of their most trusty servants had been sent to the Archduke Albert. He gives reasons for regarding with suspicion the good affection of most of the lords and gentlemen of the Pale.

* Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1603-6.

disaffected throughout ; and that Tyrone and others were ready to draw the sword.

The design which had been thus confided to Nugent was not long a secret. He soon revealed it to St. Lawrence, afterwards Lord Howth. St. Lawrence sped to London, and imparted to Salisbury the information he had received about what was brewing in Ireland.

Soon after his self-imposed mission to London St. Lawrence was closeted with Sir Arthur Chichester, the Lord Deputy, in Dublin, with reference to the information which he had received from Tyrconnel.

Chichester seems to have received St. Lawrence's statements with suspicion. On the 19th of July 1607 he wrote to Lord Salisbury : " I find him [St. Lawrence] so wavering and uncertain, that I am enforced to hold him to particulars, as well of the persons acquainted with the plot and the time it shall be put into execution, as the manner how the same shall be discovered, his honour preserved, and the kingdom and State kept from danger. I perceive my strict questioning with him in these points makes him to think of some things of which he never dreamed before. I pray God all may be sound that he hath delivered, and that he be not now composing of the poison which he hath said, there and here, was drunk and digested long since, and that he bring not in the end dishonour to himself and shame to his friends. I like not his

look and gesture when he talks with me of this business, which, together with his words, I set down in writing immediately upon his departure from me."

On the 22nd of July the Council in London replied to Sir Arthur Chichester's letter to Lord Salisbury. "They concurred," they said, "with his view contained in his letter of the 19th of July to the Secretary as to the party whose name passes under the cypher A. B. [St. Lawrence]; and believed that he rather prepared the propositions he speaks of, than that the persons he names did originally propound them to him, though so strongly infected as he found them, and whose loyalty is more dependent on fear than duty. Have observed here the same uncertainty in his words and gestures as he [Chichester] observed."

It is probable that intelligence of these proceedings on the part of Nugent and St. Lawrence had drifted to Tyrconnel.¹ Tyrone, too, was implicated, although not so directly as the other. And all this, with the intelligence which had reached them from their friends in Flanders, was quite enough to dispose the Earls to provide for their safety by flight.

On the eve of their departure, Tyrone paid a

¹ The editors of the volume of Irish State Papers, 1608-10, conjecture that the "most probable cause" of the flight of the Earls was cognisance of St. Lawrence's revelations to the Government.

visit to Chichester at Slayne. Burying his design deep in the recesses of a mind that had already woven many a plot to deceive and defeat the officers of the Crown, the Earl spoke to the Lord Deputy of his intention to repair to London, to plead his cause against O'Cahan. He said that about Michaelmas he should go thither, in obedience to a command which he had received from the King. But consummate as was his skill in the deceitful arts of diplomacy, he was unable when taking leave of the Lord Deputy to conceal altogether the emotion he experienced while he thought of all he had won and lost, and of leaving Ireland, perhaps for ever.¹

From Slane, Tyrone repaired to Mellifont and bade farewell to Sir Garret Moore. Weeping, he bade adieu, not omitting the children and the servants, amid the wonder of all observers, for he had been little used to indulge in sentiment or tears. Thence, he went to Dungannon. Two days afterwards he set out on his way to Rathmullan, where he was to meet Tyrconnel, to embark together for Flanders. All night the fugitive pressed onward on his journey. The Countess of Tyrone, who accompanied him, together with fifty or sixty others, overcome with fatigue, sank down from her horse, declaring she was unable to proceed. Regardless of her tears, the Earl insisted that she

¹ Sir John Davys, quoted in the notes, by Dr. O'Donovan, to the "Annals of the Four Masters."

should go on, "and put on a more cheerful countenance."¹

When they reached the banks of the river Foyle, Tyrone received an invitation from the Governor of that district to himself and his son to dine with him—an incident which doubtless awoke in the fugitive's breast a very lively feeling of surprise that his movements had become known, and probably of apprehension lest sinister designs lurked under a garb of hospitality. Declining the invitation, the Earl pressed on and reached Rathmullan in safety, where, as he had expected, he was met by the Earl of Tyrconnel.

Embarking in a vessel that had been sent to receive them, the Earls and their respective retinues set sail for the shores of Flanders. In Flanders the fugitives were received with tokens of due consideration by the Archduke Albert. But spies dogged their steps; some even of their own party turned traitors to the ill-fated noblemen. Some, with longing eyes on the land they had left, abandoned the fallen chiefs, and sued for pardon at the Court of St. James.

Relying on sympathy at the Escorial, Tyrone set out to go to Spain in November 1607. But Philip in hostility to England was quite a different person from Philip disposed to peace. There was nothing at the moment to be gained by openly encouraging

¹ Sir John Davys, relating what was reported.

subjects flying from their allegiance. The Spanish monarch was unwilling to shake the confidence of James and Salisbury in his amity. Hence it is possible that a hint was conveyed to the Archduke Albert to save the Catholic king from the necessity of looking coldly on his former allies, for he opportunely interposed, and prevented Tyrone from entering the inhospitable realm.

Nothing now presented itself to the hapless refugees so favourably as a journey to Rome. Where if not in Rome might an Irish chief, who had fought against the most inveterate heretic of the age, look for protection and sympathy in his troubles? And so they took the way to Italy.

As they journeyed southward the spy was on their track. News of their approach had reached Sir Henry Wotton, the English Ambassador at Venice, and he sent an emissary "to accompany Tyrone and his 'ging' over all Italy." Perhaps he had received instructions from the Government at home, for Cecil followed the movements of the fugitives with anxious eyes. He was doubtful of the good disposition of Spain. He feared that Philip might espouse the cause of the Irish chiefs. And he had given instruction to Cornwallis, the English Minister at Madrid, to inform the Spanish Court that England would sternly resent any intervention on behalf of the fugitives.

It was natural that Tyrone and Tyrconnel should

turn to Rome for succour in their need. Rome had long been the centre of political intrigue. She was the soul of the conspiracy which had launched the Armada to destroy the liberty of England, and wipe out for ever the Protestant religion. It was reasonable to suppose that if, in the future, anything should arise tending to a renewal of the mighty conflict, the earliest intelligence of it should be obtainable at Rome, and the earliest opportunity afforded there to the refugees to advance their own and their country's cause.

CHAPTER XVIII

It is difficult to ascertain precisely what were the true reasons that induced the Earls of Tyrconnel and Tyrone to abandon their native land. Even one so competent to form an opinion as Doctor O'Donovan, the learned editor of the "Annals of the Four Masters," has said that, till the hour in which he wrote, the conduct of the Earls remained a mystery. In the opinion of Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Deputy of Ireland at the time of the "Flight of the Earls," they were moved to their remarkable abandonment of their country by hostility to the reform in the tenure of land in Ulster, by which the people would be freed from oppressive exactions ; by the assertion of the authority of the Crown in the substitution of the laws of Parliament for the ancient Brehon laws of Ireland ; by the claims of the bishops to the termon or abbey-lands ; and the presence of English garrisons in Ulster.

The opinions on this subject expressed by Mr. Hill, in his "Flight of the Earls," is to some degree in accordance with the Lord Deputy's. He holds that the King very soon regretted that he had allowed Tyrone to resume possession of his estates.

and that he had granted to Rory O'Donnel so large a territory in Tyrconnel. "There were servitors of the Crown," he says, "who had received from Elizabeth a promise of estates in Ulster as a reward for their services in suppressing the rebellion; and he implies that these interested parties were still eagerly desirous of a share of the lands so inopportunately granted to the ill-fated noblemen. Discovering that he had made a mistake, James hastened to undo it. "Discoverers" were appointed to investigate the titles by which the Earls held their estates. When flaws were found, these were held good in law, and the lands so recovered were sold to military officers, who, having soldiers at their back, were the only men who could venture to buy and hold them. He refers to the claims made by the bishops on the termon lands. "And lastly," he says, "stood forth the lawyers, led on by Davys, the Attorney-General himself, who were prepared to show that, according to the proper interpretation of the Earls' patents, these noblemen could only claim small chiefries from their principal tenants, and that they really held no lands *in demesne*, except certain farms adjoining their several places of residence.

"By this time, if the Earls had not become alarmed or even rebelliously disposed, it must be admitted that they were either greater or less than men generally are."

But the fallen chiefs themselves have furnished reasons, which, in their own opinion at least, were cogent enough to account for their flight. Immediately after their arrival at Rome they wrote and forwarded to King James minute accounts of what they deemed their wrongs.¹

In the front of his complaint Tyrone alleges that measures were used to suppress freedom of conscience in religious matters in his manor of Dunganannon—but to this affair I shall return later on.

“By procurement,” he says, “of the Earl of Devonshire, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, there were taken from the Earl two parcels of land, formerly held and enjoyed by himself and his ancestors time out of mind. . . .

“There were three score cows taken from him [the Earl] that he and his ancestors had yearly of ancient rents out of Sir Cahir O’Dougherty’s country, called Inishowen, never brought to any question before his Majesty’s reign.

“The said Lord Lieutenant took from him all the fishings of the Bann, in like manner enjoyed and possessed by the Earl and his ancestors, which the Earl, to avoid the trouble of the law, was forced to purchase again as though he had never any title thereto.

¹ Mr. Hill observes: “The existence of the documents in question was made known at the time only to a very few, in London and Dublin, and they have, until a recent period, been hidden away in the silent obscurity of a London State Papers Office.”

"Certain other parcels also of the Earl's lands have been taken from him by false offices [of inquisition], taken without the Earl's privity, under colour of Church lands, a thing never in any man's memory heard of before ; and the same lands have been passed to Sir George Cary [Carew] Knight, the Queen's vice-chamberlain. . . .

"The Archbishop of Armagh and the Bishop of Derry and Clogher pretended to take from the Earl the best part of his whole living, claiming the same as appertaining to their bishopricks. . . ."

Many other allegations were advanced by the Earl of Tyrone ; these, however, I shall omit, and conclude this part of my narrative with the last "item" in his long and minute statement of his wrongs.

"The Earl farther perceived the Lord Deputy very desirous and earnest to aggravate and search out matters against him touching the staining of his honour and dignity, and specially very distinctly examined M'Gouire [Maguire], and used many persuasions to him to signify if he might lay any matters to his charge. All which were fetches, thinking, if he first obtained to be Lord President of Ulster, then to come upon the Earl with some forged treason, and thereby to bereave him both of life and living. And the better to compass his pretence therein, he placed that whispering companion Captain Lee [Leigh], Sheriff in the country,

not so much for doing his Majesty's service as to be lurking after the Earl, to spy if he might have any hole in his coat, which the Earl little feared, had he been assured of any indifferent [impartial] judge. But, seeing that the Lord Deputy sought his destruction, he esteemed it a strife against the stream for him to seek to live secure in that kingdom; and, therefore, of both the evils he chose the least, and thought better rather to forego his country and lands till he had further known his Majesty's pleasure upon perusal of the causes of his griefs (which he little durst, while he lived within the compass of the said Governor's jurisdiction, once move to his Highness), and to make an honourable escape, with his life and liberty only, than by staying with dishonour and indignation [indignity], to lose both life, liberty, living, and country, which in very deed he much feared. In conclusion, besides all the insolencies, wrongs, personal injuries, severe persecution practised and severer intended, in matters of religion, which are specified in the above articles, he omits many others done to him by under officers, of which he durst not complain during his being in Ireland; as of Sir John Davys, his Majesty's Attorney-General, a man more fit to be a stage-player than a Counsel to his Highness, who gave the Earl very irreverent speech before the Council table, which being permitted by the Council, the Earl said he would

appeal to his Majesty ; whereunto he replied that he was right glad thereof, and that he thereby expected to achieve to honour. And, in like manner, one Mr. Jacob, his Highness's solicitor, one not much inferior to the other in babbling, no less preferred very hard and dishonourable speech to the Earl, which also he showed to the Lord Deputy, and could have no kind of redress thereof ; nor that only, but there have been many other abuses offered him by other inferior officers and others of his Majesty's Ministers, tending to the deprivation of his honour and authority, that might be sufficient causes to drive any human creature not only to forego a country, were it ever so dear unto him, but also the whole world, in order to eschew the like government, which he thinks too tedious at the present time to trouble his Majesty withal, and which he also omits, not doubting but these shall suffice to satisfy his Highness. And, so referring himself, and the due consideration of these and all other his causes, to the most Royal and princely censure of his Majesty, as his only protector and defender against all his adversaries, he most humbly takes his leave, and will always as is his bounden duty, pray."

The Earl of Tyrconnel, too, forwarded to the King a long list of grievances. He complained of having been deprived of lands, and of the fishing in the Erne. He complained of exactions of cattle,

and other goods, levied on his tenants, while they were miserably poor in consequence of the recent war. "Criminals," he wrote, "under sentence of death, were promised pardon if they would make such statements as would implicate him in the commission of crime." He gave an instance of a boy, who was to be hanged for murder, having been urged by Sir George Carew to accuse the Earl of Tyrconnel of having instigated him to commit the crime. Another instance was given by the Earl. There was one Owen M'Swyne, he said, to be executed, and Sir Henry Folliott, with the authority of the Lord Deputy, "sent privately, promising him his life and large rewards if he would charge the Earl with some detestable crime." "Furthermore," he wrote, "the said Earl can justify by good proofs, that of twenty-and-seven persons that were hanged in Connaught and Tyrconnell, there was not one but had the former promises, upon like conditions, made to them."

Many other complaints were urged by the Earl in his long catalogue of grievances. Both he and the Earl of Tyrone complained of restrictions on liberty of conscience in the profession of religion.

Tyrconnel's statement is as follows : "Sir Arthur Chichester, now Lord Deputy of Ireland, told the Earl, sitting at the said Deputy's table, in the presence of divers noblemen and gentlemen, that

the said Earl must resolve to go to church, or else he should be forced to go thereto ; which menacing speech, proceeding in open audience from the Governor of the Realm, contrary to the former toleration that the said Earl and his household until then enjoyed, wrought that impression in the Earl's heart, that, for this only respect of not going to church, he resolved rather to abandon lands and living, yea, all the kingdoms of the earth, with the loss of his life, than to be forced utterly against his conscience and the utter ruin of his soul to any such practice."

The Earl of Tyrone complained : " That it was, by public authority, proclaimed in his manor of Dungannon, that none should hear mass upon pain of losing his goods, and imprisonment ; that no curate or ecclesiastical person should enjoy any cure or dignity without swearing the oath of Supremacy, and entering to the chapters or congregations of those that professed the contrary religion ; and that those who refused to do so were actually deprived of their benefices and dignities, as may appear by the Lord Deputy's answer to a petition exhibited by the Earl in that behalf, as also by the Lord Primate of Ireland, who daily puts the same in execution in the Earl's country.¹

¹ It might have moderated Tyrone's indignation on account of restrictions on his freedom in matters of religion, if he had kept in mind that the evil work of persecution was carried on with more vigorous hand by the royal authority in France.

It was one of the mistakes made by the Government of James the First, in their administration in Ireland, that they sought to force the religion of the Reformers on an unwilling people. Pains and penalties were miserable arguments. They filled the heart with hatred, but they failed to convince the judgment. They were at variance, besides, with the claim to freedom of opinion on which all true reformers should take their stand. It was of the very essence of the Protestant religion that man's responsibility in matters of religious belief was to God alone; and when James and his advisers insisted on conformity to the Established Church, they denied to man his birthright, and the right of the Church they championed to dissent from the Church of Rome.

Nor had those remarkable reformers sought to make provision for the instruction of the people in the doctrines of the Reformation. James was well aware that men of "light and leading" were requisite for the occasion. He wrote to Sir Arthur Chichester: "No more certain means of planting religion than when worthy ministers have it in hand; and no better way to get store of such ministers than by providing them with competent living."¹

The worthy ministers had not yet appeared. Sir John Davys wrote to Cecil: "The Churchmen

¹ Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, James I., 1606-8.

throughout the kingdom for the most part mere idols [idles] and ciphers : . . . most of them were not without two or three benefices apiece, but for all their pluralities most of them were beggars, for the patron, or ordinary, or some of their friends, took the greater part of their profits by a contract before their institution, so that many gentlemen and some women, and some priests and Jesuits¹ have the greatest benefit of their benefices. . . . And what is the consequence of these abuses ? The churches are ruined and fallen down to the ground in all parts of the kingdom. There is no divine service, no christening of children, no receiving of the sacrament, no Christian meeting or assembly, no, not once a year : in a word, no more demonstration of religion than amongst tartars or cannibals."²

Mr. Justice Saxey spoke very severely even of the bishops.³ Omitting the harder terms he used, he said that there were not "three sufficient bishops in all the kingdom." He describes one of them, in that ill-starred time, as having been "a poor singing man, devoid of knowledge of his grammar rules."

Meanwhile the Church of Rome was in the full

¹ The Jesuits were introduced into Ireland in the reign of Henry VIII. Ever since, they have exercised a powerful influence in Irish affairs. See Dr. Killen's "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland," vol. i. pp. 351, 352.

² Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1606-8. Preface.

³ Ibid.

vigour of persistent life. The means that James employed were not likely to destroy her. The people quietly kept their faith, and celebrated their worship in private houses and secret places. When they heard that Elizabeth had died they threw off the secrecy in several of the southern towns in which they worshipped, rushed to the churches, from which their priests had long been excluded, and reinstituted the celebration of the Mass. There was a bishop in every diocese, in allegiance to the Pope, to whom the people looked as their spiritual guide, while the bishop appointed by the King was regarded as an intrusive functionary of an alien Church.¹ Priests of the Church of Rome everywhere abounded, and the stealthy Jesuit glided among the people strengthening their determination to hold aloof from the Established Church.²

In 1607 the Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Rosse wrote to the Lord Deputy, describing the condition of his dioceses, that, "the few qualified incumbents . . . cannot execute their functions so long

¹ Toward the close of the preceding century the Archbishop of Armagh wrote to Walsingham, "there were not of the birth of the land forty Protestants in Ireland." (Mr. Froude's "History of England," chap. lxviii.)

² "Justice Saxey reported that 'Jesuits, seminaries, and priests swarm as locusts throughout the whole kingdom, and are harboured and maintained by the noblemen and chief gentry, . . . but especially by the cities and walled towns. . . .'" (Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, James I., 1606-8. Preface.)

as these seditious priests are thus suffered to walk at liberty with no law nor order to restrain them. In Cork, Kinsale, and Youghal, and all the country within his charge, no marriages, christenings, &c., are done but by Popish priests this seven years, only Roscarbry excepted. . . . Every gentleman and lord of country hath his priests. Every friar and priest is called Father; yea, talk with the Lord Barry, the Lord Roche, or any other man, 'no other name but Father, Father such an one, Father such an one. So they are bewitched and blinded.'"¹

It was expected that in Ireland fines and imprisonment should convert to the creed of the Established Church a people who, without efficient teachers, were becoming more and more attached to the religion of their fathers.²

Such was the state of things when the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, and the people of their respective territories, were required to conform to a Church in the distinctive doctrines of which they had no belief.

¹ Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, James I., 1606-8.

² "The spirit of religious inquiry did not display itself in Ireland so early as in either of the sister kingdoms. . . . A profound silence, therefore, on the subject of religion, universally prevailed. While the most important controversies were everywhere agitating the Romish Church to its centre, Ireland alone, among the States of Europe, was involved in the stillness of death. Here there were no external circumstances to provoke or cherish a spirit of inquiry." (Rev. Dr. Reid's "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland," vol. i. chap. i.)

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Enough has been said to show that the Earls regarded themselves as men marked out for destruction. They had ample reason to fear the worst. They had been taught by the experiences of others that they had, themselves, but little reason to expect either clemency or justice from the rulers of the land. The fate of M'Mahon, the confiscation of his territory, and the wrongs which had been perpetrated on the Earl of Desmond,¹ were stern admonitions to Tyrconnel and Tyrone. They had been warned, besides, that it was intended to arrest them, the one in Dublin, and the other under the threatening shadow of the Tower, within whose

¹ There was a dispute between the Earls of Desmond and Ormond. Queen Elizabeth favoured Ormond, who had been educated along with her and her brother Edward. The Ormonds, too, had always been loyal. Hence, Elizabeth "insisted that, with law or without it, the right should be found on Ormond's side." Desmond had taken no part in Shane O'Neill's rebellion, but Elizabeth seems to have been determined to have him arraigned in connection with that event. "The Earl at the first summons surrendered to Sir H. Sidney, and was sent as a prisoner to London.

"The Geraldines, both in Kildare and the South, it is true, were a dangerous race. Elizabeth perhaps thought it politically wise to bring them to their knees. The trial was put off, and Desmond, more lucky than his kinsmen of the past generation, escaped a dungeon in the Tower. He was allowed to live at large on his own recognisances, but he was forbidden to leave England. At last when, weary of his restraint, he attempted to escape out of the country, he was arrested and made to purchase his life by a surrender of everything that he possessed." All his lands, tenements, houses, castles, and everything that was his, were surrendered to the Queen, "to receive back what her Majesty would please to allow him . . ." See Mr. Froude's "History of England," chap. lix. The transactions mentioned in the above note are given by Mr. Froude under the date 1568.

gloomy portals many a brilliant hope had faded in the prospect of the tomb. Can we wonder, then, that they sought in a foreign land the safety they had reason to fear would be denied them in their own ?

CHAPTER XIX

SOON after the "flight of the Earls," proclamation was made, by the royal authority, assuring the people of Ulster of his Majesty's protection if they would conduct themselves as loyal subjects of the Crown.

The Council in London wrote to the Lord Deputy, Chichester, that it was his Majesty's pleasure that the lands of the fugitive noblemen should be resumed by the Crown.¹ They instructed him that

¹ It may, in some degree, moderate our sympathy with Tyrone, smarting under the loss of his estates, to know that, in certain circumstances, he was not indisposed to play, himself, the part of a confiscator. It may restrain our tears, but a writer of history must be impartial. It appears that the people of the South were rather indisposed to take part in the rebellion of which the redoubtable northern Earl was the head. From whatever cause, they had turned the deafest of callous ears to the summons to draw the sword for Church and country. The Pope himself, Clement VIII., had called on them to rise. He had "offered them the same indulgences granted to those who fought in Palestine for the ransom of the Holy Sepulchre, provided they furnished no recruits to the Queen's army, and incorporated themselves in that of the 'magnanimous Prince O'Neill,'" but failed to move the callous South, charmed he never so wisely. Indignant, the Ulster chieftain intervened, issuing a manifesto, "To the Catholics of the towns in Ireland." "Having commiseration on you," he said, in the course of this interesting document, "I thought it good to forewarn you, requesting every one of you to come and join with me against the enemies of God and our poor country. If the same you do not, I will use means not only to spoil you of all your goods, but according to the

a proclamation should be issued: "To show the King's great mercy in pardoning their former treason, and bestowing honours on them before they had given any new proof of loyalty; that they had no grievance, not even in that cloak for all treasons, religion; that the chief of them, Tyrone himself, having been sent for into England, according to his own request, for deciding a controversy between him and O'Cane, contemptuously withdrew himself; declared his own guilty conscience [consciousness] of treasons, which will be proved on their indictments; and therefore that his Majesty takes their lands, and the people inhabiting them, into his own protection to do right unto each of them. In framing the proclamation, however, and adding what he [Chichester] shall judge fit, he is to give no intimation of any practice that may hurt any foreign prince; both because there appears no proof to warrant it, and because the Spanish ambassador, among others, has with most deep protestations to his Majesty engaged the honour of the King, his master, vowing that they (the King and his Ministers) shall see such an example if the fugitives arrived in Spain, as shall prove his master's clearness from having assisted them in any disloyalty."

utmost of my power, shall work what I may to dispossess you of all your lands, because you are means whereby wars are maintained against the exaltation of the Catholic faith." (Rev. Mr. Meehan's "Fate and Fortunes of Tyrone and Tyrconnel," p. 22.)

The King and his Ministers then turned their attention to the opportunity which had come to plant a British colony in Ulster. The idea of such an enterprise had long occupied the minds of English statesmen. There was a proposal to plant a thousand disbanded soldiers in Ulster. It was hoped that bands of fishermen would settle on the coast, where the rivers met the sea, and that thus hamlets might be founded that might develop into towns. But there was a difficulty which seems to have been insuperable—the difficulty of the want of money. The Queen could provide the land requisite for the settlements—for there had been revolt, and forfeiture in consequence—but a thousand veterans must be fed till spears, turned into ploughshares, had wooed its increase from the ready soil.

There was another scheme to colonise the north of Ireland, ingeniously contrived, but it, too, was found to be impracticable. All over England men were to be procured, one from every two parishes, to plant in Ireland. Taxes were to be levied to start them in their new life. Each of them was to receive a farm. And for the common safety of the colony, they were to live in villages of not less than a hundred households. Gentlemen of means, who could settle themselves and their servants in Ulster, should receive a grant of land in proportion to the retinue they could plant upon it. But this

was not the scheme that was to shape the fortunes of Ulster.

At length the project destined to transform the northern province came to the front: the project known in history as the "Plantation of Ulster." The King was favourable to the scheme, believing that it would conduce to the common weal; and he held, besides, that it would be advantageous to mingle the people of British blood with the native population. To Sir Arthur Chichester was committed the principal share in carrying this project into effect.

The King was averse, however, from beginning the work of colonisation before his right to the lands of the fugitive Earls and their adherents had been established by formal legal attainder. Hence, in December 1607, a Commission consisting of two judges and one of his Majesty's Counsel, "learned in the law," was sent into Ulster to bring indictments against the Earls and their followers.¹ The Counsel "learned in the law" was probably Sir John Davys, for he accompanied the commission. They sat first at Lifford, in the county of Donegal. The Grand Jury had been impannelled from among the principal gentlemen of the county, and the foreman was Sir Cahir O'Doherty, who was soon himself, to take the field in rebellion against the Crown. The points

¹ "Sir Arthur Chichester and Counsel to the King." (Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1606-8.)

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charged against the Earls were that they had conspired to seize the Castle of Dublin, and the Castles of Athlone, Roscommon, Ballyshannon, Lifford, Duncannon in Wexford, and certain other places ; to slay the Lord Deputy and Council, raise rebellion, in conjunction with aid from abroad. They were accused, besides, of assembling at Rathmullan, on the 3rd of September preceding, with treasonable intentions.¹

There seems to have been little hesitation on the part of the Grand Jury about coming to a decision. They appear to have been pliant instruments in the presence of the judges, clothed with the authority of the State ; and of the King's faithful Counsel, "learned in the law." And so, according to Sir Arthur Chichester and his Council, writing to the King, the Grand Jury "readily and willingly found the Bill true."

Having achieved what they wished to accomplish in Donegal, the Commissioners went over, on the day after the proceedings at Lifford, to Strabane, in the county of Tyrone. There the Earl of Tyrone

¹ Sir John Davys says that the Bill laid before the Grand Jury in Donegal was read in public in English and in Irish, so as to "discover a great deal of the evidence to all the hearers, to the end that all the country might be satisfied that the State proceeded against them upon a most just ground, and that the people, knowing their treacherous practices, might rest assured that their guilty consciences and fear of losing their heads was the only cause of their running away, and not the allurements of any foreign prince." (Preface to Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1608-10.)

was the principal offender—he had taken the Celtic title, O'Neill, an assumption which was high treason by Act of Parliament in Ireland; and he had caused to be committed nineteen murders since he had been pardoned and received into favour by the King, which also was treasonable in Ireland, and criminal enough, with Act of Parliament or without one, the only question being, simply, Was it true? or were these executions carried out by Tyrone in the exercise of the jurisdiction which he possessed within his territory?

One document only was put forward in evidence that the Earl had assumed the obnoxious designation of O'Neill. No other evidence, apparently, was forthcoming in support of the accusation; but the jury had no objection to supply the want out of their own personal knowledge of the Earl's proceedings among his followers. They knew that he required himself to be designated O'Neill, and this knowledge was enough for men who evidently were not unwilling to condemn the absent Earl and win for themselves the approval of the Government.

And so the inquisitions ended. Enough had been done to authorise the confiscation of estates already doomed to forfeiture. It was decided that the indictments should be removed, by *certiorari*, into the Court of King's Bench.¹ The way was prepared to give effect to the scheme of British colonisation.

¹ Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1606-8.

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Various motives, doubtless, influenced the advisers of the King to press on the work of the plantation of Ulster. Many a longing eye was bent on the confiscated estates. Not a few hungered to share the spoil. Some had followed the English flag in the long conflict under Elizabeth with promise of reward in Irish land. And men who stood beside the throne may fairly be presumed to have remembered the interests of their friends, while they had not the least intention of becoming unmindful of their own. But imperial interests, also, demanded consideration on the part of the King and his advisers. It was essential to the safety and well-being of the realm that Ireland should be made secure from encroachment by England's foreign foes, and from the machinations of her enemies at home. This could best be accomplished by the complete disintegration of the Celtic septs, and the introduction of a strong British colony into the troublesome island. Cecil's astute intelligence told him that a Scoto-Anglican colony must needs make common cause with the motherland, and James had prescience enough to forecast the possibilities of the future. He was then at peace with Spain, but who could tell how soon the international heavens might be darkened, and the muttering of a coming tempest be heard along the Spanish shores? Ireland was England's weakest point. The union of the Crowns had closed the gates of

Scotland against the armies of the Continent, and welded the races, one in creed and one in interests, into a mighty nation, determined to maintain their birthright of civil and religious liberty. But Ireland stood apart, sullenly submissive in her terror of the sword. Professing another creed than that of the land which held her in hateful bonds, her allegiance was to Rome, and Rome had long conspired against the liberties of England. Although suppressed, the fires of revolution smouldered in the Irish heart, ready to be fanned into flame. None could tell how soon the Spanish flag might wave upon the Irish shore, and wake to fury the impulsive isle. And to meet an emergency so possible, no more effective measure could be devised than to plant a colony of Englishmen and Scots in Ireland. It might fairly be assumed that they would be true to the trust reposed in them—and experience has proved that this assumption was not unwarrantable. Bonds of kindred and of creed would bind them to the motherland. While time rolled on tradition would preserve the instincts of an imperial race. And it might well be hoped that the softening influence of time would temper the hostility of race to race; and while the Saxon taught the Celt the customs and acquirements of the more progressive people, both would seek the welfare of their common land.

CHAPTER XX

BUT the spirit of Irish independence had not yet been wholly crushed. Four hundred years had rolled away since a Roman Pope and a Norman King conspired to destroy the liberty of Ireland. Four hundred years of strife, and crime, of mean humiliation and fitful efforts to be free! The last revolt the most vexatious to the Crown, and complicated by the aid of the very power that first had sold to England the land that was not its own. And yet, once more the sword must be unsheathed, and the war-cry of the Celts be heard amid the hills of Ulster.

The O'Dohertys were lords of Inishowen, the most northern barony in Ireland. They were an ancient race, subject, indeed, to the O'Donnells or the O'Neills, whichever happened at the time to be most powerful, but their lineage was as old as the lineage of either. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir John O'Doherty, the head of the sept, got into rebellion against the Crown in 1599. His lands, and the lands of his clansmen too, were forfeited. He died in rebellion, and so to die incurred forfeiture of estate.

Sir John O'Doherty left a son, Charles—in Irish Cahir—by which Celtic appellation he is known in history. Cahir was not regarded by the sept in general as the proper successor to his father in the chieftaincy, for Phelim Oge O'Doherty, brother to Sir John, had been elected Tanist, and in accordance with Celtic usage he had a right to assume the headship of the clan. But in the opinion of the MacDavitts, some of whom were Cahir's foster-brothers—a relationship regarded in Ireland in the olden time as more binding than the bonds of blood—the son of the late O'Doherty should be acknowledged as the chief. Anxious to promote, in one way or other, the interests of their youthful favourite, they applied in 1601 to Sir Henry Docwra, the Queen's Governor of Londonderry. They would renounce, they said, allegiance to Phelim Oge ; they would surrender Cahir into the charge of the English Governor on condition that he would procure for him a royal grant of his father's lands.

Docwra listened willingly to the proposals made to him by the MacDavitts. By accepting their offer he could aim a blow at the Celtic custom of Tanistry. He consequently proclaimed young Cahir the Queen's O'Doherty. And in consequence, perhaps, of representations made by Docwra, Cahir was put in possession of his father's forfeited estates.

Bound to his patrons by self-interest, and urged perhaps by the impulses of a generous nature,

Cahir O'Doherty drew his sword—although he was still in boyhood—in the royal cause. Clearly he was a gallant lad; won his spurs by his conduct on the field, and was knighted by the Lord Deputy, Mountjoy.

On the accession of James I., Sir Cahir O'Doherty repaired to London. He was graciously received by the sovereign, and his title to his lands in Inishowen was confirmed.

In connection with this re-grant to Sir Cahir, we must notice one point particularly. In a grant by Elizabeth of the lands in question to Sir John O'Doherty, there was a proviso that upon the commission of any act of treason, or of rebellion, forfeiture of estate should ensue. A similar proviso was inserted in the re-grant by James I. to Sir Cahir.¹ Whatever, therefore, may be said with regard to right on the part of the Crown of England to interfere at all with the tribe-lands of the O'Dohertys, certain it is that neither Sir Cahir nor Sir John, nor any individual Irish lord who had accepted a royal title to his estate, could justly complain of forfeiture as a consequence of rebellion. Whether there were any definite proviso inserted in a grant, as in the grants to the O'Dohertys, or not, the fact of receiving a royal gift rendered the recipient justly liable to the punishment due to treason.

¹ Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1608-10.

Sir Cahir O'Doherty's position as a favoured subject of the Crown, who had already drawn the sword in defence of the royal authority, was not likely to procure for him very ardent affection on the part of the native chiefs. Residing mostly at Elagh Castle, about three miles to the north of Londonderry, he found associates among the English colonists, at least on the banks of the Foyle. Still, we can imagine that the fiery youth looked with jealous eyes on the encroachments that an alien power was making in the land of his fathers. The ramparts rising on the isle of Derry were stern reminders that Celtic times had passed away. Beside the silent waters of the Foyle was heard the measured tread of the soldiery of England. If regard to interests peculiarly his own compelled him to acquiesce in the presence of the stranger, we may be sure his heart rebelled against the stranger's yoke. And association with the Saxon was not, as we shall see, evidence of friendship proof against offence.

An occasion soon occurred which was to test Sir Cahir's loyalty to his friends at Derry. Sir Henry Docwra had been removed, and Sir George Paulet had been sent over in his stead, as Governor of the colony on the Foyle. This new official had evidently little regard for the brave young Irish knight who had fought so gallantly for the cause of England. Apparently, he was a man of violent

temper, rude and overbearing. In an interview between O'Doherty and Paulet about a sale by the former of some land at Lifford to Sir Richard Hansard, the impetuous O'Doherty used some language which provoked the Governor, who in a fit of sudden passion struck the offender severely with his fist.¹ It was more than enough to provoke such a youth as Sir Cahir to fierce indignation. He "was filled with anger and fury, so that he nearly ran to destruction and madness."² Although grossly insulted, Sir Cahir refrained from immediate retaliation; but the wound was deep and burning. His foster-brothers, when they heard the news, were filled with fury.³ Intelligence of the insult spread abroad in Inishowen, and kindled indignation among a people who were doubtless ready enough to take umbrage against the foreigner; and the fiery Celts announced their readiness to be led to take revenge.

Apprehending trouble, the Government in Dublin summoned O'Doherty to present himself before them,⁴ "to free himself of certain rumours and

¹ I am not quite certain, but I think Dr. O'Donovan says in his notes to the Four Masters that Paulet used a horsewhip.

² Four Masters in "Annals of Kingdom of Ireland."

³ The ties of fosterage in Celtic Ireland were deemed more binding even than the ties of blood.

⁴ They had received, a short time before, intelligence that Sir Cahir intended to leave Ireland without permission, which to do was regarded as treasonable. Sir Cahir was therefore bound under penalty to abstain from absenting himself before Easter 1609, and to appear when called on, in Dublin, on receiving twenty days' notice. See Mr. Meehan's "Fate and Fortunes of Tyrone and Tyrconnel," pp. 185-6, 7.

reports touching disloyal courses into which he had entered contrary to his allegiance to the King, and threatening the overthrow of many of his Majesty's good subjects." O'Doherty refused, and listening to the evil counsel of Nial Garve O'Donel, who seems to have basely desired, for purposes of his own, to bring the Lord of Inishowen to ruin, he determined to draw the sword and bid defiance to the Crown, and at the same time to avenge himself on Paulet for the insult he had received.¹ Sir Nial advised him to take possession of the English fort at Culmore,² to capture Derry and put the people to the sword, and to seize Doe Castle, a strong place in the central part of Donegal. The implacable MacDavitts approved of this advice, and in an evil hour the luckless Sir Cahir resolved to draw the sword.

¹ Sir Nial Garve O'Donel seems to have been a very infamous character. Mr. Meehan observes: "The official postilled paper [which he gives] relating to Nial Garve O'Donel will show how that remarkable personage would act in the pliable capacity of rebel and loyalist, friend and traitor." In "original documents relating to O'Doherty's rebellion," Sir Nial says, in his demands of the Lord Deputy: "Also that his Lordship will have in mynde his promise made to Sir Neale O'Donell touchinge the lands of Enesowyne . . . which, if his Lordship will graunte amongst the rest of my demaunds, I will undertake to bring in O'Doherty's head, or banish him, otherwise I will hazard my owne for hym." ("Fate and Fortunes of Tyrone and Tyrconnel," pp. 201-2, 4.)

² The English fortress at Culmore stood on a low point of land that forms, with the opposite shore of the county of Londonderry, a narrow channel through which the river Foyle pours its waters into the lough of the same name, four miles north-east of the city of Londonderry.

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The first part of the programme to be achieved was the capture of Culmore.

"Let us now see how this rash man effected his purpose.¹ Captain Harte [the Castellan of Culmore] himself shall be the narrator: 'Three or four days ago O'Doherty came to Culmore and told me how unkindly his lady did take it that none of all the gentlemen of the Derry did ever come to see her since her coming into the country,² which I excused by reason of the foul weather; but still he persisted how hardly he could persuade her to stay in these parts for want of civil company, she being so well born and bred among the civilest kind of ladies in this kingdom, howsoever others carried themselves strangely towards him and his wife; yet that there ought to be a friend and neighbourlike league between us. He desired me to bring my wife with me to Buncrana on Monday, whereunto I gave my consent.'³ After falling to the business he took occasion to speak to me in private, and so drew me into the upper room of the castle where, when

¹ Mr. Meehan, in his "Tyrone and Tyrconnel," p. 187-8.

² The scheme was ingenious. Lady O'Doherty was daughter to Lord Gormanstown, one of the barons of the Pale, and always attached to the English side. She might therefore be supposed to prefer the society of the English residents in Derry and its neighbourhood to the Irish, with their Celtic customs. Sir Cahir himself was predisposed to English associates, and his establishment at Eleagh was conducted in the English style.

³ The remainder of the narrative relates to what took place at Buncrana and Culmore.

he had me, he begun to tell me that about his ould [*sic*] matter for which he was lately in his keeping, he was so hotly pursued especially by Sir George Paulet that he thought he was in great danger of his life, which to save he must take some course, and he could not think of any better, now that I was on his hands to make deliver him the place I held; or if I would not, I must resolve to die; whereon he and two others with him, fell on me and disarmed me. I refused to comply, and he then left me with those men who should do no harm till he returned.—His lady came up to me crying, and cursing him and all his people, praying God she might be d——d if she were privy to this treachery. She went down to bring up my wife, and then he came in and threatened to throw both down if they did not stay their crying. He said if you don't deliver up Culmore, you and your children and all with you shall die, and this he swore on a book. My wife fell at his feet upon her knees, and to save her children, yielded, trusting to the King's mercy; and he forthwith made us both ride away with him, and arriving hither a quarter of a mile, about eleven o'clock at night, left me in a bog with six of his kern, and took my wife with him, and about twenty of his company. She called the watch to come and help me, as I had a fall from my horse. He and his went in, called for me, and locked me in the cellar,

and kept me there till the following Friday about which time he came from the Derry, and tould me now I should know it was not blood he sought for, as he would let Lieutenant Baker go with those he had taken to Coleraine whither I might go with my wife.”¹

Having gained possession of Culmore, Sir Cahir turned his attention to the garrison at Derry.

Apart altogether from the primary object of the rising, viz. revenge on Paulet for the insult he had inflicted on O'Doherty, it was of supreme importance to capture Derry. It was the English stronghold in that part of Ulster. With Derry in her hands, England possessed a strong position with an outlet to the sea, whence she could operate with effect against insurgents in the northern parts of Ulster. It is probable that this consideration, as well as thirst for vengeance on Paulet, prompted O'Doherty and his advisers to determine on the capture of the English fortress on the Foyle.

On the night on which they took possession of Culmore, the insurgents, having supplied themselves with ammunition from the magazine there, took the way to Derry.

It was the dead of night, and the garrison of Derry slept in fancied security. The guards upon the ramparts seem to have been nodding at their

¹ Captain Harte to Chichester, May 4, 1608, as per Mr. Meehan.

post. Suddenly all-startling sounds rang along the dusky hills—the wild screams of bagpipes mingling with the wilder war-cry of the fighting men of Inishowen. There was tumult in the town. Waking from his dreams, the soldier grasped his arms, but the place was already in possession of a ruthless foe.

In the confusion consequent on this sudden and unexpected onslaught, Paulet retired into the house of a person named Corbet. He seems to have been driven into that place of refuge in the press of conflict, rather than to have basely deserted his duty with a craven desire to secure his own personal safety. One of the Governor's assailants was Phelim MacDavitt, O'Doherty's foster-brother. Remembering the insult to his chief, and irritated, besides, by a wound which he had received from Corbet, he fell furiously on Paulet and slew him on the spot. Making his way into the Protestant bishop's house, and finding there a fine collection of books and manuscripts, the reckless Phelim gave them to the flames—perhaps imagining that the books were as obnoxious as their owner, and that in their destruction he aimed a deadly blow at a hated heresy.¹

¹ The account of the destruction of the bishop's library given by Mr. Hill, in his notes to the Montgomery Manuscripts, differs from the one I have given in my text. He says that the collection was taken to Culmore, and there burnt by Phelim MacDavitt, although the bishop, who was in Dublin when the capture of Derry took place, offered to redeem it with one hundred pounds weight of silver. See Montgomery MSS., p. 21.

It became a night of doom to the town of Derry. It was of no account that O'Doherty had been a guest within its walls. The arms he had been taught to use by Docwra, to whose care those very MacDavitts had confided him, he turned against his friends. Intoxicated by the success of an hour, he saw, apparently without a pang, the roof-trees that had given him hospitality sink in the conflagration that laid the town in ashes.

The Irish chief swept on to Lifford, where there was a small English force. There, however, he received a check, for the English held their position with unbending resolution, and the men of Inishowen withdrew.

Once more the standard of rebellion floated on the hills of Ulster, but in a luckless hour. Long-continued conflict had already half-depopulated the land. Bereft of her foremost leaders—Hugh the Red, whose battle-cry had raised the clans from the dark hills of Inishowen to the ocean on the west, and O'Neill whose astute intelligence long had baffled the most able representatives of the Crown—Ulster was not in a condition to draw the sword. There were few to leap to arms at the bidding of an inferior chief.

It is difficult to say, however, how far the revolutionary instinct might have spread if there had been delay on the part of the Government. They must nip rebellion in the bud, and Sir Richard

Wingfield was despatched at the head of three thousand of the royal troops from Dublin in May 1608.

On the 5th of July there was an encounter between the arms of England and the insurgents in the vicinity of Kilmacrenan, in the county of Donegal. It was an ill-fated day to the men of Erin, for their leader fell, shot through the head—the sword falling from his grasp, singularly enough, near the rock of Doonee, the famous inauguration place of the chieftains of old Tyrconnel. His head was taken to Dublin, and exposed to public view, in accordance with the barbarous custom in the olden time, “on a pole on the east gate of the city called Newgate.”

A proclamation was issued by Sir Arthur Chichester, the Lord Deputy, proscribing the adherents of the late Sir Cahir O’Doherty, and announcing that any person who harboured them would be “adjudged traitors in as high a degree as the said O’Dohertie himself, or any of his adherents.”

The Irish chiefs had fought the battle out to the bitter end.

CHAPTER XXI

THE time was near when the great scheme of the Plantation of Ulster was to pass from the region of theory into actual experiment. Vast tracts of land had become escheated and available for colonisation, in consequence of the alleged treasonable proceedings on the part of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, and of O'Doherty's revolt. Other lands were recovered by the Crown, as I shall now proceed to tell.

Sir John O'Reilly, of Cavan, had taken part in the rebellion under Hugh Roe O'Donnell and the Earl of Tyrone. He died while the war was in progress, and was succeeded by his brother, who also fell. The next O'Reilly was their uncle. He, too, perished in the conflict.

Sir John had surrendered his lands in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and had received a grant thereof from that sovereign, regardless, evidently, of the fact that the territory so disposed of was largely the common property of the clan of which he was the head. That surrender and the subsequent grant prepared the way more effectually

for confiscation in case of treason, and when rebellion actually had taken place escheatment followed as a consequence.

Sir Hugh Maguire, of Fermanagh, was one of the most prominent of the northern chiefs who took part in Tyrone's rebellion. With a shrewd eye, probably, to possible contingencies, Connor Roe Maguire, cousin to Sir Hugh, espoused the cause of the Queen; and on the death of his relative, who fell in the course of the struggle, he received a royal grant of the territory of the Maguires, which had been confiscated on account of Sir Hugh's rebellion. These lands were afterwards divided between Connor Roe and Cuconnaght Maguire, brother to Sir Hugh. Cuconnaght accompanied the fugitive Earls. Connor Roe remained in Ireland, to enjoy, as he might well hope, the three broad baronies which had fallen to his share by the partition between himself and Cuconnaght. But the hope was delusive, for he was soon called upon to surrender the greater part of his estate, as it was contrary to Chichester's scheme of the Plantation of Ulster that so extensive a territory should be vested in any one grantee. Chichester was right in setting his face against the formation of large estates. If the Plantation was to accomplish the intentions of its promoters—to strengthen the empire by introducing a strong body of loyal subjects into Ireland, numerous enough to counter-

balance the native representatives of the clans—no large estates should have been created. It is true Chichester received, himself, almost the whole wide barony of Inishowen, and discovered reasons, too, why there should be an exception, in his own case, to the rule ; notwithstanding, his theory was good. If rebellion, confiscation, and enforced surrender had given to the Crown an opportunity to bestow the escheated lands on a new race of occupants, policy and the general interests demanded that the greatest possible good should be done to the largest possible number.

Sir Donnell Ballagh O'Cahan, who, as well as Sir Hugh Maguire, was son-in-law to Tyrone, rose with that nobleman in 1595. Till near the end of the war he was true to the cause he had espoused, and rendered important services to his chief. Then sinister designs began to take possession of his mind. Anticipating, most likely, disaster in the end to the Irish arms, he meanly surrendered to the Crown, through Sir Henry Docwra, stipulating for a grant of the lands of his race, which they held under the superiority of The O'Neill ; and then drew his sword against his countrymen and his kindred. Conduct so unchivalrous deserved but contempt, even on the part of those whom he proposed to serve by his treachery ; and Fortune turned her back on the man who, moved by nothing higher than a mean desire of personal advantage, deserted his

country and betrayed his chief. No such grant as he desired was made, and the lands in question became vested in the Crown. For some offence, real or supposed, O'Cahan was arrested in Dublin in 1609; sent to London, and imprisoned in the Tower. Weary years of captivity gave time and leisure for reflection, ere death released him from his misery in 1628.

Sir Niall Garve O'Donnel had taken part with Sir Cahir O'Doherty in his outbreak. He was tried for treason, and although he escaped capital punishment,¹ he too was doomed, in the end, to linger out the remainder of his days within the deadly portals of the Tower. His lands were among the confiscated territories devoted to the Plantation of Ulster.

Sir Cormac O'Neill was brother to the Earl of Tyrone. It is said that it was arranged between them on the eve of the Earl's departure that Sir Cormac should apply to the Government for a "custodiam" over Tyrone's estates, "and thus have the power to hold them until the latter could return in more peaceful times."² Immediately after the flight of the Earls, Sir Cormac repaired to Dublin, carried thither the news of that remarkable proceeding, and broached to the Lord Deputy the

¹ Mr. Hill says, in his "Plantation of Ulster," that no jury could be got to convict him.

² Hill's "Plantation of Ulster," p. 63.

question of the "custodiam, endeavouring to obtain it as if for himself, and promising, in return, his best services to discover the motives of the flight, and the destination of the fugitives on the Continent. The authorities seem to have seen through his motives at a glance, and they acted accordingly. As an important preliminary, they seized him, and shut him up in a dungeon in the Castle, Davys at the same time writing facetiously to Salisbury, that Sir Cormac wanted a custodiam of the O'Neil estates, but that they (the authorities) had taken a *custodiam* of him!"¹ And so Sir Cormac was carried off to London, where he found rest, if not tranquillity of mind, during the remainder of his life in the seclusion of the Tower. His estates became planting-ground at the disposal of the Crown.

By an Act passed in the preceding reign, the eleventh of Elizabeth, the territory of Sir Oghie O'Hanlon, together with the possessions of other Ulster lords, were confiscated in consequence of the revolt under Shane O'Neill. O'Hanlon's territory of Orior was passed by royal grant to one Captain Chatterton, who bound himself to settle it with colonists from England. The way in which he had acquired his new estate, and the conditions under which he entered upon it, were not very likely to procure for the adventurous captain a cordial

¹ "Plantation of Ulster," p. 63.

welcome among the people of Orior. If they regarded him as an intruder, that view of the matter was not exactly unnatural. But unfortunately in Ireland aggravation has far too often a tendency to provoke retaliation more effectual than commendable. It was so in Orior. The fiercer impulses of the Celtic nature had been roused, and soon six feet by two of the soil of Orior was quite enough for the requirements of the ill-fated Captain Chatterton.

After Chatterton's benevolent intentions had been thus speedily extinguished, Sir Oghie O'Hanlon was reinstated in Orior. But there was a difficulty on the very threshold, *cave canem* clearly marked, while the fangs of the legal watch-dog turned threateningly on the intruder. The grant to Chatterton, with succession to his heirs, was still in force; Sir Oghie's title was invalid, but this difficulty was removed by a royal grant to the old Celtic knight, with a proviso that rebellion would extinguish title.

When O'Doherty rose in revolt, Oghie Oge O'Hanlon, Sir Oghie's son, led by the same deceptive lure that has brought to ruin so many of our land, joined in that last effort to break the chains that bound the wrists of Erin. As was natural, the father afforded shelter to the son. This was enough to lead to the confiscation of Orior. Sir Oghie had not formally taken out his grant, because of objec-

tion which he entertained to some of its provisions, but he was deemed, none the less, to be in possession of the territory conveyed by that document; and so the lands of Orior were resumed by the Crown.

The escheated lands in Ulster comprised the counties of Coleraine, now Londonderry, Donegal, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Armagh, and Cavan. Monaghan, Down, and Antrim, although they have been so largely colonised from the sister isle that, at the present day, the descendants of the settlers predominate in Down and Antrim, are not to be included in the territory allotted to what is known as the Plantation of Ulster.¹

One of the most zealous promoters of the colonisation of Ulster was Sir Arthur Chichester. His fertile brain had elaborated two alternative plans,

¹ Mr. Hill observes, in a note to his "Plantation of Ulster," p. 76, that "The county of Antrim was divided principally among a few proprietors, namely, Sir Randal MacDonnell, Sir Arthur Chichester, Sir Fulke Conway, the O'Neills of Shane's Castle, the Clotworthys of Massereene, the M'Quillens of Clanagherty, the Hills of Island Magee, the Longfords of Muckamore, and a few other smaller holders." Under all these grantees Scotch and English colonists settled in county Antrim. "The county of Down had already been settled by the Bagenalls of Newry, the Montgomerys of the Ards, the Hamiltons of Killileagh and Bangor, and the Hills of Hill-Hall and Hillsborough."

I have already noticed in my text the settlement of the Ards. Killileagh and Bangor were portions of Con O'Neill's estate which had passed into the possession of the Hamiltons. Monaghan had been confiscated in 1591, after the execution of Hugh Roe M'Mahon. A survey of these escheated lands was made, and grants were passed to a number of grantees, many of whom were natives of that county. Some of these received extensive territories; for instance, Brian M'Hugh Oge had 5000 Irish acres.

upon either of which he conceived the great Plantation might be effected with advantage to the State. His favourite scheme was favourable to the Irish. He seems to have inclined to deal leniently, as far as possible, with the native race. In July 1608, the Council in London wrote to him: "Now, in order to prevent for the future that it shall be in the power (as it heretofore has been) of any rebellious companion that chooseth to make himself head of any sept by presuming on a rabble of his base followers, to disturb the peace, and put his Majesty to the cost and trouble of prosecuting a vagrant company of wood kerne, there must not be so great a facility for granting pardons and taking submissions. He [Chichester] is to abstain from making promises of any of the escheated lands, and to assure himself that *not an acre* will be disposed of till the survey and certificate of the lands be returned over to them [the Council in London], at the coming of the Chief Justice and Attorney."¹

Finding Sir Arthur Chichester so little disposed to treat the natives with severity, we are not surprised to learn that he advised the King to grant the escheated lands in large measure to natives. His most approved suggestion was that the King should grant "to every man of note, or good desert,

¹ Mr. Hill's "Plantation of Ulster," p. 71. The Chief Justice was Sir James Ley, and the Attorney, Sir John Davys, Irish Attorney-General, sent over to explain matters connected with the proposed Plantation.

so much as he can conveniently stock and manure by himself and his tenants and followers, and so much more as by conjecture he shall be able so to stock and manure for five years to come ; and will bestow the rest upon servitors," military officers, for instance, "and men of worth here, and withal bring in colonies of civil people of England and Scotland at his Majesty's pleasure, with condition to build castles and stone houses upon their lands ; . . . the country will ever after be happily settled ; there will be no need to spend their revenues in the reducing and defence of this realm from time to time, as has been customary for many hundred years heretofore." ¹

Sir Arthur's alternative plan would have left a clear field for the new-comers from beyond the Channel. It was "to drive out all the inhabitants of Tirone, Tirconnell, and Fermanaghe, as near as they may, with all their goods and cattle, into the countries adjoining, over the rivers of the Bande [Bann], Blackwater, and Lough Erne, there to inhabit the waste lands, more than is sufficient to contain them,"² leaving only such people behind as will dwell under the protection of the garrisons and forts, which would be made strong and defensible."

¹ Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1608-10. Preface.

² We must keep in mind, while contemplating the Ulster of the plantation, that it was not a country abounding with native inhabitants, but a region half depopulated by long-continued war and its remorseless attendants, viz. famine and, of course, consequent disease.

An answer to these proposals was soon received from London. Chichester's alternative scheme was at once set aside. It was the King's desire that the colonists should dwell side by side with the natives—a wise resolution, if they meant the example of the more progressive race to influence the Celt. Besides, the King had made up his mind that, while introducing colonists from Britain, he would be mindful of those among the natives who were by character "and desert" worthy of such recognition. As regarded his English subjects who should be deemed most eligible as planters, he gave the preference to persons who had served in Ireland. Care should be taken "to observe these two cautions: first, that such as be planted there be not needy, but of a reasonable sufficiency to maintain their portions; secondly, that none shall have a vast but only a reasonable proportion; much less that any one of either nation shall be master of a whole country."

In anticipation of the plantation a survey was made of the confiscated territories; and after all preliminary steps had been taken, it was determined that grants should be made to civil and military officers of the Crown, English and Scottish "undertakers"—private gentlemen who had interest enough in governing circles to procure a share of the spoil—and native Irish, fortunate enough to have a reputation that recommended them to

favour. The lands to be disposed of were to be allotted in estates of 1000, 1500, and 2000 acres.¹

Taking the measurement of the several allotments as statute measure, it would be a mistake to assume that these proportions comprised the whole extent of land allotted to each grantee respectively. The land contained in the several proportions already stated was merely such as was at the moment arable. Bogs and fens, woods and fields once under cultivation, but allowed to become waste and overgrown with furze during the conflict between the northern rebels and the Crown, lay all about the land definitely allotted. And woods, and fens, and wastes were thrown in as appendages to the estates on which they bordered. In course of time the forest fell before the axe—depriving the wolf, which was a pest in Ireland in the olden time, of his lair, and the wood-kern of his haunt. The

¹ "One-half of the whole forfeited land in each county was arranged in scopes of 1000 acres each, whilst the other half was laid out in lots of 1500 or 2000 acres each, thus securing the greater number of small proprietors. To prevent disputes and the evils of favouritism, the lands were drawn by lot; and to make allowance for wastes, bogs, and glens, a new mode of measurement, since known as the Irish plantation measure, was adopted. These lands were made over to the occupiers and their heirs for ever. . . . An annual rent from all the lands was reserved to the Crown. . . . The native Irish undertakers . . . were prohibited from taking exactions or cuttings from their tenants in addition to the regular rents. They were at the same time required to see that their tenants ceased the old custom of creaghting, or wandering in search of pasture for their cattle, and conform to the usages of civilised life." From notes to the Montgomery MSS. by Mr. Hill, p. 55, note.

marsh was drained. The gorse gave place to crops of golden grain, more abundant because the land had been allowed to rest while Death applied his sickle on the grim harvest-field of war.

Definite rules were laid down for the guidance of the grantees, for they were not to be left to the suggestions of caprice in the institution of a colony designed to promote the common weal, and to secure the stability of the State. A grantee of 2000 acres was required to erect a stone-and-lime castle, and to enclose a yard, called a bawn, with high walls, sometimes with towers at some of the angles, suitable for defence against marauders, and to plant on his estate, "within three years, forty-eight able men, or twenty farmers" of British birth. The grantee of 1500 acres was required to build a house of stone and lime, and to construct a bawn; he who received 1000 acres to provide himself with a bawn, which would give security to his own, and probably to his tenant's cattle; and it was obligatory on each grantee to plant men of British birth in proportion to the extent of his estate.

With regard to the native Irish, it may be stated generally that those who should receive grants of land were to hold by fee-farm tenure, and to pay a yearly rent of £10, 13s. 4d. sterling for each estate of 1000 acres, and so in proportion for the larger grants. No rent was to be demanded for

the first year of occupation, and forfeiture was to follow engaging in rebellion. They were required to build and occupy their castles, houses, bawns, within two years after having received the grant; to make estates for years or lives to their undertenants; not to impose upon such tenants exactions such as were imposed in former times; and to devote themselves to husbandry instead of pasturage, for which, indeed, there was little scope on the small estates which most of them received.

In the county of Armagh thirty-nine grants were made to natives, varying from 60 acres—paying a rent of 12s. 6d. sterling for the whole estate to the Crown—to 2000 acres, at a rent of £21, 6s. 8d.¹

In the county of Tyrone sixty grants were made to natives of from 60 acres to 3330 acres, yielding to the Crown rent in about the same proportion as in Armagh; and to avoid repetition it may be assumed that a similar rate of rent was imposed in all the Irish grants.

In Donegal twenty-three natives became grantees, the least proportion being 60 acres, and the most extensive 2000 acres.

In Fermanagh there were fifty-four grantees of the native race, of from 48 to 300 acres to each estate.

¹ The rent charged to English and Scottish "undertakers" may be stated to have been £5, 6s. 8d. sterling for each estate of 1000 acres, £8 for 1500, and £10, 13s. 4d. for 2000 acres.

The rent charged to "servitors" amounted to £8 sterling for each estate of 1000 acres, £12 for 1500, and £16 for 2000 acres.

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In the county of Cavan fifty-five native Irish received grants from the Crown of from 25 to 3000 acres.

While some of the grants to the native race were only for the life of the grantee, the greater number were for ever.

To Sir Arthur Chichester the whole barony of Inishowen, a territory of some twenty miles square, was allotted. In the case of this vast estate, the conditions imposed on the ordinary planters seem to have been omitted. Together with this enormous property Chichester was fortunate enough to become possessor of lands in the counties of Tyrone and Antrim, notably the district where now Belfast rivals the foremost cities of the empire in prosperity and enterprise.¹

In the county of Londonderry vast estates were granted to the twelve London Companies, viz. the Goldsmiths, Grocers, Fishmongers, Ironmongers, Mercers, Merchant Tailors, Haberdashers, Clothworkers, Skinners, Vintners, Drapers, and Salters. The site of the city of Londonderry, and a district adjacent, lying along the north-western border of the river Foyle, and several thousand acres in extent, was granted to a Company of Londoners, chosen from among the twelve Companies already mentioned, and known as "The Honourable Society

¹ In 1612 Chichester was created Baron of Belfast. The family was afterwards advanced to the Marquisate of Donegal.

of the Governor and Assistants, London, of the New Plantation in Ulster, within the realm of Ireland."

It was difficult at first to procure persons willing to undertake the plantation of the county of Londonderry.¹ It was, at least in part, a very fertile land. "O'Cahan's fruitful country," Sir John Davys called it. But men held aloof, not attracted even by a land so fair, probably because it bordered on the wild region of Glenconkeine, and contiguous parts inhabited by some of the most warlike of the people of Ulster.

At length negotiations were begun between the Government in London and the London Corporation with a view to the colonisation of that part of Ulster. Four Commissioners were despatched by the cautious tradesmen of the city to examine the proffered land. John Brode, John Monroes, Robert Treswell, and John Rowley, had the honour to be appointed to investigate the resources, the dangers, and the possibilities of that strange Irish land.

Equally judicious, the representatives of the Crown were determined that the London spies should see the country to the best advantage. They were not to be allowed to roam at will among the vales and woods of Londonderry. They might wander into difficulties that might produce an unpleasant impression of Ireland. They might wander

¹ "Plantation Papers," by the Rev. George Hill, p. 93.

into bogs and dreary places, instead of among the richly productive vales of the fruitful land. They might hear of wolves and wood-kerns, and carry back to London such tales of life in Ireland as would chill the courage of the most adventurous of aldermen. No one could tell what might happen. They might hear the banshee, perhaps, if there were no one to divert their attention from the vagaries of Ireland. So "discreet persons" were appointed to take charge of the Commissioners, who should "be able to control whatever discouraging reports may be made to them out of ignorance or malice. The conductors must take care to lead them by the best ways, and to lodge them in their travel where they may, if possible, receive entertainment in Englishmen's houses. . . . The persons sent with these citizens to conduct them must be prepared beforehand to strengthen every part thereof by demonstration, so as they [the citizens] may conceive the commodities to be of good use and profit; on the other hand, that matters of distaste, as fears of the Irish, of the soldiers, of cess, and suchlike be not so much as named, seeing that you know that discipline and order will easily secure them."¹

On the 18th of September 1609, Sir Arthur Chichester wrote to the Council in London, from

¹ The Council in London to Sir Arthur Chichester, August 3, 1609. Quoted in "Plantation Papers," p. 95.

the "Camp in Fermanagh, near Enniskelyn": "Sir Thomas Phillips," the *fidus Achates*, "with the four agents of London, came into me likewise in the county of Coleraine. They landed at Knockfergus [Carrickfergus], and in their way from thence they beheld Coleraine and the River Banne beneath the Leape; they have now seen the Derry, the river of Loughfoyle, the Lyffer [Lifford, on the border of county Donegal], and sundry parts adjoining, and they like so well of the sates, the lands adjoining the rivers, and the commodities they think to raise by their purse and good husbandry, that they assure me the city of London will really undertake the plantation upon the report they are to make, and that with expedition."

And so it came to pass. The London Companies took out their grants. The ancient heritage of the O'Cahans and O'Neills became vested in the aldermen of London, but many of the ancient race were allowed to continue in their familiar haunts. It is probable that the worthy tradesmen of London deemed themselves far enough away to look with composure on the wild Irish clansmen in occupation of their farms in Ulster. It is not unlikely, too, that they found those rebellious Celts disposed to rent their lands at a higher price than suited the views of the thrifty Scot, or the not less frugal Englishman.

CHAPTER XXII

ABOUT 1611 the British colonists began to flow into Ulster. There was no impetuous rush. The wary husbandmen of Ayrshire and the farmers of English shires were not so enamoured of the prospects of Irish agriculture as to jostle one another for possession of the meadows of Tyrone, or the bleak uplands of Donegal. Many seem to have hesitated till the pioneers had sent them word as to how they fared in the neighbourhood of the O'Donnells and the O'Neills.

There was a class of persons in the sister isle who were not indisposed to try their fortune in Ireland, but these were scarcely desirable settlers to start a colony which was meant to introduce "civility" into the long-distracted land. Not a few who had become obnoxious to punishment at home for some offence against the law fled for refuge to Ireland.¹ But, all inducements notwith-

¹ See the "History of the Church of Ireland, after the Scots were Naturalised," by the Rev. Andrew Stewart, minister of Donaghadee, extracted from the Wodrow MSS., Edinburgh, and appended to "A True Narrative of the Rise and Progress of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland" (1623-1670), by the Rev. Patrick Adair, minister of Belfast.

standing, the progress of the plantation was slow in the first stage of that important undertaking. In 1618, when Captain Nicholas Pynnar investigated, as a Commissioner of the Crown, the condition of the plantation he found that there were only eight thousand British colonists "able to bear arms," and that only a fourth of the forfeited lands were occupied.¹ Mr. Hill observes: "In the years 1612 and 1613 the planters appear to have made some little progress, but during the two following years they were kept in a state of trembling and panic, from an instinctive impression, perhaps, rather than any definite knowledge;" perhaps, too, by indications that had crept out, "that there existed a widespread conspiracy among the natives. Such conspiracy, however, did actually exist, and although discovered before it could be sufficiently matured, the excitement in Ulster produced a weakening effect on the new settlements."² Quiet English folks and shrewd sons of Caledonia were naturally unwilling to cast in their lot among a warlike people ready to repel the encroachments of the stranger.

An interesting account is given by Sir Arthur Chichester of the quality and capacity of certain of the earliest colonists to achieve so momentous an undertaking as the plantation of the escheated

¹ See Pynnar's "Survey." It is probable that it was owing, in part at least, to a scarcity of British colonists that permission was given, in 1630, to the grantees to let their land to tenants of the native race.

² "Plantation of Ulster," p. 449.

lands. "Considering," he observes,¹ "the greatness and difficulty of the work, and the condition and qualities of the parties that have undertaken, that is, such as have yet come in person, he conceives these are not the men who must perform the business ; for to displant the natives, who are a warlike people, out of the greatest part of six whole counties, is not a work for private men who seek a present profit."

Some weeks afterwards, Sir Arthur wrote to Lord Salisbury : " Those from England are, for the most part, plain country gentlemen, who may promise much, but give small assurance or hope of performing what appertains to a work of such moment. If they have money, they keep it close, for hitherto they have disbursed but little ; and if he may judge by the outward appearance, the least trouble or alteration of the times here will scare most of them away. . . . The Scottishmen come with greater port, and better accompanied and attended, but it may be with less money in their purses ; for some of the principal of them, upon their first entrance into their precincts, were forthwith in hand with the natives to supply their wants, and in recompense thereof promise to get license from his Majesty that they may remain upon their lands as tenants unto them, which is so pleasing to that

¹ Chichester to the Earl of Northampton, October 31, 1610, quoted in " Plantation of Ulster," p. 446.

people that they will strain themselves to the uttermost to gratify them, for they are content to become tenants to any man rather than be removed from the place of their birth and education, hoping, as he conceives, at one time or other, to find an opportunity to cut their landlords' throats; for sure he is, they hate the Scottish deadly, and out of their malice towards them they begin to affect the English better than they were accustomed. . . . They seek by all means to arm themselves, and have undoubtedly some pieces in store, and more pikes, and thereof can make more daily, but powder and lead are scarce with them. Will do his best to prevent this revolt, but greatly doubts it, for they are infinitely discontent." ¹

It must not be assumed, however, because the progress of the plantation at first was slow, that the great scheme to colonise the northern province was destined to be a failure. As time rolled on, the shires and towns of the neighbouring isle sent in a steady stream of hardy and adventurous men to occupy the land. Some of them came to till the soil, and some to trade. They felled the forest, drained the marsh. They built along the banks of the silvery Foyle, and founded the city rendered

¹ It came in 1641. Before the time of James I. the Scots were aliens in Ireland. A statute of Queen Mary made it unlawful for the Anglo-Irish to give them service or become allied to them in marriage. This Act was repealed, and Scottish subjects of his Majesty were made free to become denizens of Ireland.

famous by its memorable siege. They clustered at Enniskillen, on the shore of the fair Lough Erne, and won a name in history by gallant deeds in troublous times. They left memorials of their energy and thrift on the hills of broad Tyrone, and in the fertile valleys of Armagh. Down and Antrim tell the tale, and, notably, Belfast, where live and toil a population of more than three hundred thousand souls, mainly of British lineage, and in intelligence and enterprise second to none in the British Isles ; where, in gigantic factories, thousands of busy spindles weave fabrics for the world ; where countless hammers forge with ceaseless din some of the noblest ships that skim the seas. If the scheme of the plantation was a failure, ask Belfast for proof of it.

Macaulay describes the character of the colonists, when, at the time of the great Revolution, they were called upon to defend the walls of Londonderry. "The number of men," he says, "capable of bearing arms within the walls was seven thousand ; and the whole world could not have furnished seven thousand men better qualified to meet a terrible emergency with clear judgment, dauntless valour, and stubborn patience. They were all zealous Protestants, and the Protestantism of the majority was tinged with Puritanism.¹ They had much in common with that sober, resolute, and

¹ They were largely of Scottish Presbyterian faith and lineage.

God-fearing class out of which Cromwell had formed his unconquerable army.

"Nevertheless, it is impossible to deny that the English colonists have had, with too many of the faults, all the noblest virtues of a sovereign caste.¹ The faults have, as was natural, been most offensively exhibited in times of prosperity and security; the virtues have been most resplendent in times of distress and peril, and never were those virtues more signally displayed than by the defenders of Londonderry, when their Governor had abandoned them, and when the camp of their mortal enemy was pitched before their walls."²

Scarcely had the Saxon set foot in Ulster when deep discontent began to quicken in the hearts of the natives, and little wonder that the Irish looked with intense hostility on the people who were supplanting them in the land of their fathers. They saw the stranger tilling the furrows so recently their own, and ready to assert with arms his possession in the soil. Before them lay the prospect that their children would hew wood and carry water for an alien race.

¹ He should have said British instead of English colonists. In the defence of Derry the Scots were not less numerous nor less resolute than the English. Probably half the Protestants of Ulster are of Scottish race. In not a few localities of Ulster the Scottish dialect is spoken almost as broadly as in Ayrshire. An Ayrshire man might almost feel at home in some parts of Down or Antrim.

² "History of England," chap. xii.

The majority of the Ulster Celts in the first period of the plantation had no recognised possessions. They were landless and homeless, save when they found a habitation on the lands allotted to the more favoured among their countrymen. It was not till 1630 that they had permission to hold as tenants under British colonists. And meanwhile many of the outraged race betook themselves to the woods, led a lawless life, and issued thence to spoil the planter's goods, and levy tribute for exemption from spoliation. These were the famous wood-kerns of the North. Fierce as the wolves, then so numerous in Ireland, fired with a sense of wrong, the swordsmen of the ancient sept became the deadly pest of the colonist.

If James had adhered to the policy with which he began his reign, how would it be to-day with Ulster and Ireland? His rule in Ireland opened with measures of amelioration. Pardon of past offences had encouraged the Irish people to form from experience a good impression of a prince of whom there had already been favourable anticipation. The rights of the people in the soil had been ascertained by a royal Commission, and each person entitled to a freehold was secured in his possession by the Crown. The power of the chieftains had been curtailed. The chief had been reduced to the position of an ordinary gentleman or lord; of a subject under the Crown, liable to the operation of

the laws of the realm. Those who once had quailed before his frown could now appeal for protection to the Courts of Law, and every man in Ulster could claim the rights of a British subject. If all this had been continued, what would have been the result? If this blissful experiment of just laws and equitable administration had gone on, would discontent with English rule have ever deepened into actual rebellion? Would men have slain the rising fortunes of their country? The fallen chieftains might have longed for the power of former times, but surely men of less degree would have seen it well to shun the uncertainty of war, and to shelter his new-found freedom under the ægis of the State. The Irish Celt is not a simpleton. Easily excited, and easily led in moments of enthusiasm, he is quick to see, when reason masters passion, what makes for his advantage. In possession of the soil on easy terms, he would surely have been slow to stake his good estate on the problem of rebellion.

So one might think, looking only on the surface of affairs, but the statesmen of the period deemed that they had ample reason to take a different view of the probabilities of the time. Behind the Irish people loomed the threatening forms of Rome and Spain; Rome and Spain had striven long to crush the liberty of England. They had plotted in the dark. They had hurled the Armada on her shores. Later still, they had landed at

Kinsale, and sought to cripple England by wresting from her grasp the isle that lay between her western seaboard and the ocean. Perhaps they plotted still. The one might seek to rouse the Irish to renew the strife, and Spain might draw the sword once more in the reactionary cause of Rome.

The Irish chieftains, too, had erewhile risen in revolt. They might rise again. They had had recourse to foreign powers for assistance to shake off a hated yoke; they might have recourse to them again.

James and his advisers, having regard to what was possible, set their wits to work to counter-plot the plotters. Ulster must be made secure, for there the last and most momentous Irish rising had occurred. In clanship lay the chieftains' power for ill; the clans must be dispersed, and this hotbed of revolution made innocuous for ever. A strong counteracting element must be introduced—Ulster must be planted with colonists of British birth. Men whose allegiance to the British Crown was assured by memories of home and kindred, community of faith, and dependence for protection—which they would naturally regard as undeniably their own and their children's due, as they had been placed in Ireland to defend the interests of the realm—must be planted in the long-distracted isle. A people stirred by the progressive instincts of the age must be mingled with the old inhabitants,

that they might spread abroad in Ireland the progressive tendencies of modern times.

There was much in all this to commend it to favourable consideration on the part of wise and patriotic rulers, but it is questionable whether the wisest course was taken in the interests of Ireland and the Empire.

THE END

AND while all this was taking place, what of Tyrone ?

He had still lingered on in Rome, watching from afar while his lands were being colonised by an alien race ; thinking ever of Ulster, of his lost opportunities, his forfeited possessions, and still, it is said, conspiring for an invasion of Ireland.

But this was not to be. On the 20th of July 1616, a summons came to which there could be no refusal, and at the age of seventy-six he closed his tragic career.

And what of the ancient people he had left behind in Ulster ? Some went abroad and took service under the banner of the foes of England, some retired into the Irish woods and became the famous wood-kern of the Ulster wilds, some obtained grants of land under the Crown as undertakers, or settled down as tenants on the lands of the colonists. And to-day their descendants and the descendants of the alien dwell side by side in the green valleys of Tyrone, and among the dark mountains of old Tyrconnel.

And what now is needed by Ulster, and by Ireland? Equal laws and just? Yes; for every class, and creed, and lineage. And yet there is more!

Colleges and schools? Yes; colleges and schools, with real education, till every town and hamlet beams, if you will, with intellectual light. But yet there is more!

There comes a voice as of one crying in the night, the voice that long ago was heard on the old Judean Mount, and still is sounding down the ages, sweet and hopeful as the gentle dawning of a summer day.

We must hear, besides, the grand old hero of Apostolic times while he speaks to-day, as he did of old, to every race, to every creed, to the palace of the sovereign, to the Parliament of the realm, and to the poor man's hut on some lone mountain-side: "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. . . . But now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; and the greatest of these is charity."

These are the God-provided cures for the woes of Ireland! When they have been accepted in the

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intelligence, and become operative in the life, then shall have come to Ireland her golden age, the real balm for all her wounds ; her discontent shall have passed away as the mists of night before the sun, and the weary land shall rest.

APPENDIX

STATE OF ULSTER AT THE ERA OF THE PLANTATION

On the condition of the Province of Ulster on the accession of James I., Dr. Reid observes in his "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland," vol. i. p. 75, &c. :¹—

"This province having been the chief seat of the rebellions which disturbed the latter years of the reign of Elizabeth, was reduced to the lowest extremity of poverty and wretchedness. Though no longer distracted by intestine war, the peace which it enjoyed was solely owing to the desolations which it had suffered. The descriptions which contemporary writers have given of its wretched state would appear incredible, were they not, unfortunately, too well authenticated to admit of rational doubt. The country was almost depopulated and wasted in all its resources. The wretched remnant of its inhabitants who had survived the ravages of an exterminating contest suffered the combined horrors of its ghastly attendants—pestilence and famine. With the exception of the few fortified cities which it contained, its towns and villages were levelled to the ground, and scarcely any building remained, save the insulated castles occupied by the English, or the pitiful cabins of the natives, too poor to be plundered. The face of the country was intersected by immense woods, and covered with numerous marshes. Cultivation was occasionally visible only in some favoured spots, but so wretchedly conducted as scarcely to yield the necessaries of life. Its products of grain and cattle, in which alone consisted the wealth of the country, had been swept away by the wars, and the few proprietors who survived were reduced to such poverty as to be altogether unable to resume with profit the labours of the field, while many betook themselves to the woods, where they lived almost in a state of nature, supported by plunder, and secure amidst the general poverty and desolation by which they were surrounded."

¹ Dr. Reid was, in his later years, Professor of Civil and Ecclesiastical History in the University of Glasgow. He was a most judicious and careful writer.

THE ESCAPE OF CON O'NEILL FROM CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE

In the Montgomery Manuscripts a somewhat different account is given of this event from my statement in my narrative. But the discrepancy is unimportant, and both accounts relate that the ill-fated Con did effect his escape, and reached the abode of Montgomery in Ayrshire.

GAVELKIND

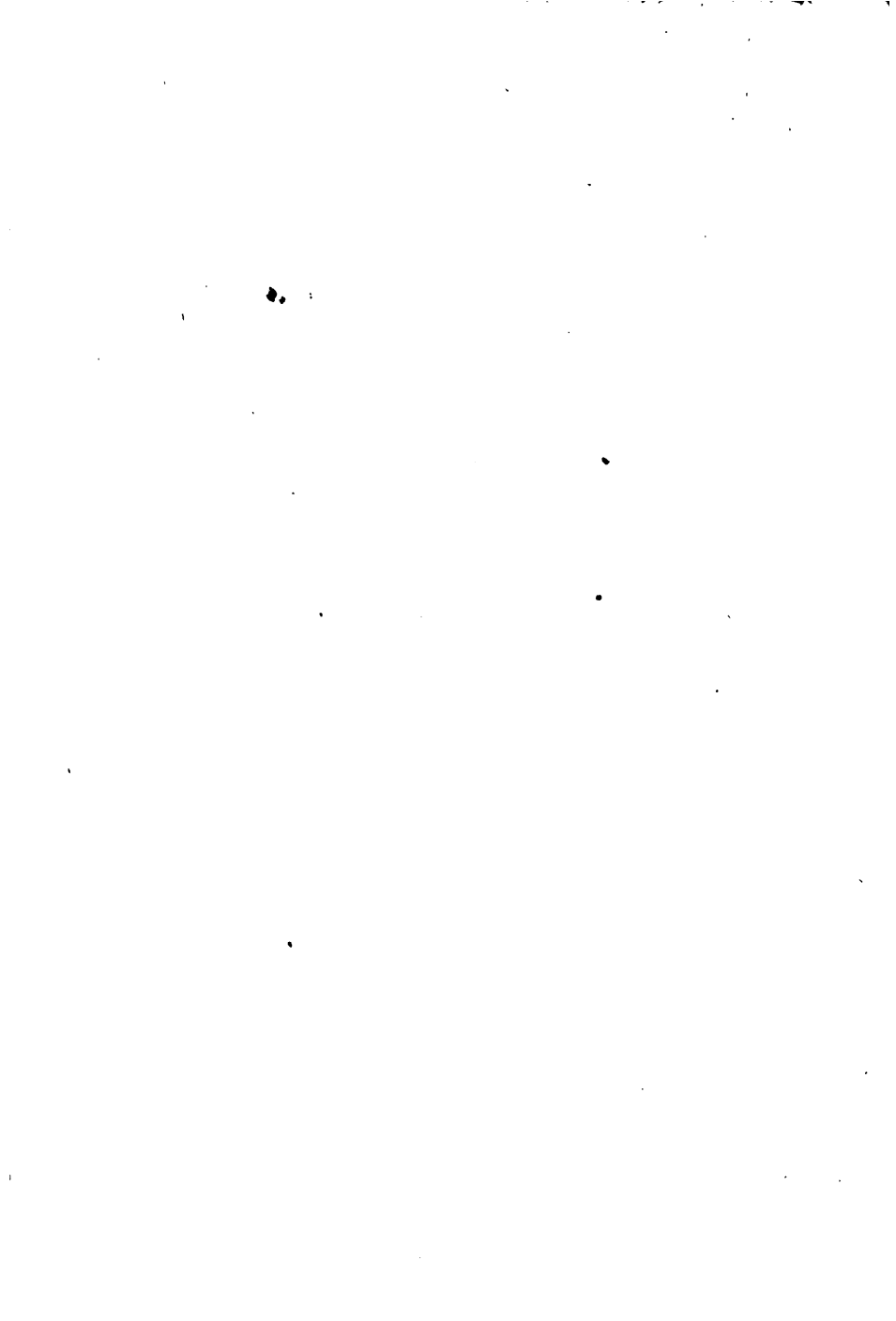
This custom was in force with regard to the common land of the tribe. It had no application to the mensal-land of the chief, nor to such land as was owned as private property by certain of the higher members of the sept, such as nobles, physicians, judges, and others, "who had got their lands as stipends for their professional services to the chief, and in whose families it often remained for generations."

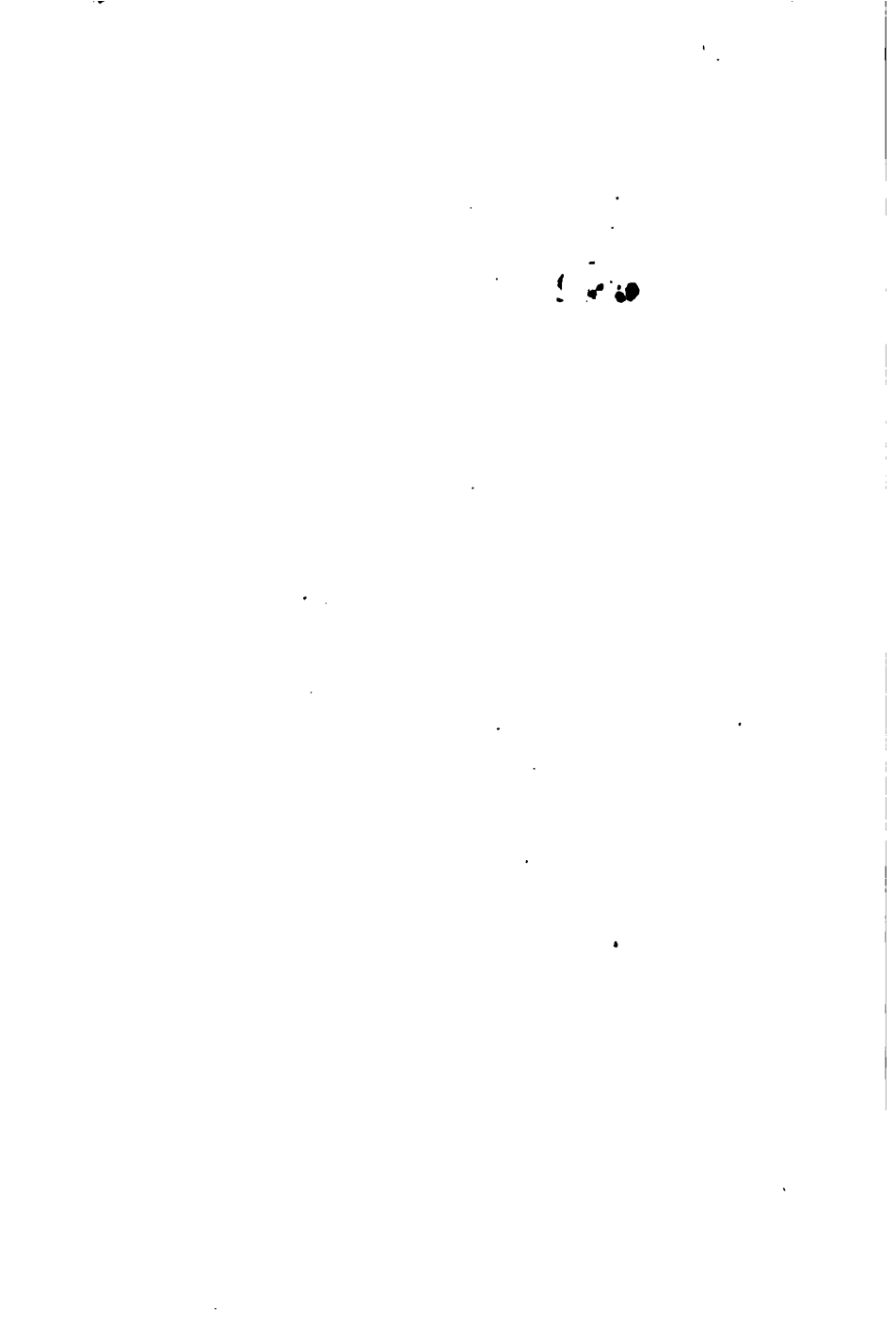
See Mr. Joyce's "Concise History of Ireland," p. 21.

COYNE AND LIVERY

The custom known as Coyne and Livery was somewhat different from the system of exactions which was in force between the Irish chiefs and the members of their clans. It was, according to Mr. Joyce, an imposition by which a military leader among the Anglo-Irish, when destitute of means to support his soldiery, and in imitation of the Irish custom, "turned them out with arms in their hands among the colonists to pay themselves in money and food." Among the Irish "the chief was entitled to go with his followers to the houses of certain tenants who had to supply the company with food and drink." This was known as *coiney*. "Bad as the Irish *coiney* was, Coyne and Livery was much worse."

See Mr. Joyce's "Concise History of Ireland," pp. 22, 23.







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